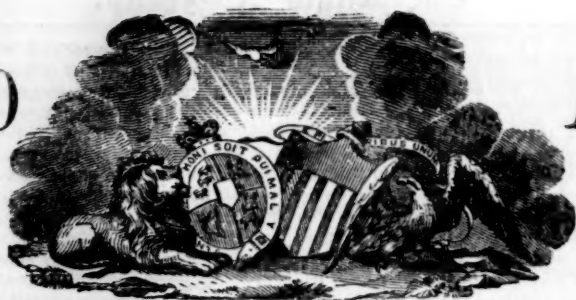


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## THE WANTON SUN-BEAM.

I came upon her quickly! She was sitting  
Upon a bank embrowned in the shade:  
All round about, the sun-beams bright were flitting,  
But did not dare to come where she was laid;  
But, like some gleaming guards about a portal,  
Who watch, but yet to enter are afraid,  
So they, as angels bright around a mortal,  
Did keep around and guard that lovely maid,  
But one bright sun-beam pierced the twilight bower:  
He thrust aside the leaves that made that shade;  
And softly, as the zephyrs touch a flower,  
He fell into her arms, and o'er her bosom stray'd:  
And wanton kiss'd her cheek, her lips, her hair—  
"Oh, Jove!" I cried, "that I a sun-beam were!"

## THE TRUE HEART'S ASPIRATIONS.

I would be thine!  
Oh, not to learn the anguish  
Of being first a deity enshrined,  
Then, when the fever fit is past, to languish,  
Stripp'd of each grace that fancy round me twined!—  
Not such the lot I crave!

I would be thine!  
Not in bright summer weather,  
A sunny atmosphere of joy to breathe;  
But fear and tremble when the storm-clouds gather,  
And shrink life's unrelenting doom beneath,  
Failing when needed most.

I would be thine!  
To lose all selfish feeling  
In the sole thought of thee, far dearer one!  
To study every look thy will revealing,  
To make thy voice's ever-varying tone  
The music of my heart.

I would be thine!  
When sickness doth oppress thee,  
With love's unwearied vigilance to watch.  
Waking—to soothe, to comfort, to caress thee;  
Sleeping—to list in dread each sound to catch,  
Thy slumbers that might break.

I would be thine!  
When vexed by worldly crosses,  
To cheer thee with affection's constant care,  
To stay thee 'neath the burden of thy losses,  
By shewing thee how deeply thou art dear,—  
Must so in the distress.

I would be thine!  
Gently and unreplying  
To bear with thee, when chafed and spirit-worn,  
The hasty word, the quick reproach, denying,  
But by the soft submission which is born  
Of steadfast love alone.

I would be thine!  
My world in thee to centre,  
With all its hopes, cares, fears, and loving thought;  
No wish beyond the home where thou should'st enter,  
Ever anew to find thy presence brought  
My life's best joy.

I would be thine!  
Not passion's wild emotion  
To shew thee, fitful as the changing wind;  
But with a still, deep, fervent, God devotion,  
To be to thee the help-meet God designed—  
For this would I be thine!

## RECOLLECTIONS OF WATERLOO.

BY A STAFF OFFICER.  
No. II.

The progress of events brings me now to the day of the great battle. I have mentioned that some degree of bustle prevailed at Brussels, throughout the 16th of June, the day of the fighting at Ligny and Quatre Bras, but it was trifling in comparison with the disorder I witnessed on the morning of the 18th, when the Park, Place Royale, and streets adjacent, were not only encumbered by vehicles of all kinds, and baggage animals, but also by multitudes of wounded men who had flocked in during the past night, and were still arriving from both the above-named fields. Being a defenceless place, no hospitals had been prepared in the city for their reception; nor, owing to the suddenness of the sanguinary battles, had any steps been taken by the municipality to have even temporary shelter ready for them. Hence the poor fellows were compelled to remain in the streets, until the authorities could devise measures for their relief, or that, compassionating their forlorn situation, charitable citizens took them in and administered to their necessities. It is pleasing to record how

much Christian charity was shown by many persons at that distressing time; a single family having, as I was credibly informed afterwards, received and tended no less than fifty wounded Englishmen; a gratifying tribute of respect for the character of our soldiery, who indeed had earned golden opinions among the worthy Bruxellois during the long period of their sojourn in the city. The residence of the family of good Samaritans above alluded to was in the Place de Louvain, but I regret to say that I have forgotten their name.

Besides the thousands of wounded, there in Brussels numbers of marauders, for the most part cowardly rascals, who had abandoned their colours, and were prowling about in quest of plunder; these were chiefly representatives of the scum of Bluecher's army,—not true Prussians I trust, though clad in Prussian uniforms: they stole several horses belonging to the English officers who were in the field, besides committing many other depredations.

My excellent friend Lieut. Colonel Robert Torrens, of the Department to which I was attached, afterwards for many years Adjutant General in Bengal, was robbed of two fine animals, for which he had paid a large sum to Marsden, the horse-dealer, only a few days before. It appeared that in the night of the 17th he had been sent by the Duke of Wellington from Waterloo, with orders for Sir Charles Colville to fall back from Braine Le Comte to Halle; and after performing this duty had ridden into Brussels for a fresh horse, when, to his dismay, the two in question were gone from his stable. Knowing that I intended to pass the previous night in the city he was proceeding to my quarters on the morning of the 18th, when I met him as I was about to start for the army, and together we spent some hours in a fruitless search for the horses, which he never saw again.

In order to show that we did not without reason suspect the Prussians of perpetrating the numerous horse robberies that took place, I shall here relate an incident that afterwards happened in France, and which afforded me some amusement. I had been employed on a duty that carried me back from Pont St. Maxence to a considerable distance in rear of the army, when falling in with a squadron of Prussian cavalry, I remarked a trooper leading two English horses, one on either side of him as he rode in the ranks, which I looked at narrowly, hoping to recognize those stolen from my friend Torrens, but was disappointed. A little further on, and while the Prussians were still in sight, I encountered one of our Commissaries, who hurriedly inquired if I had noticed any English horses amongst them; on receiving an affirmative reply, he clapped spurs to the one he rode, and went after them at full speed, while I, curious to see the end of the affair, closely followed. No sooner did he spy the horses, than without saying a word, he seized the bridle of one of them; which action being resisted by the dragoon, the Commissary drew his sword and flourished it over the fellow's head; meanwhile an officer at the head of the detachment, perceiving something to be wrong, rode up, and the Englishman being no linguist, I explained that the gentleman with a long feather and gold epaulettes,—who in the eye of the Prussian was a Colonel at least,—claimed the animals as his property. Upon this he said a few words to the soldier, who then quietly surrendered them to their owner. Surely both honesty and discipline must have been at low ebb in that squadron, when a private soldier could thus be marching in the ranks leading a couple of stolen horses. The Commissary told me that his stable having been broken into the night before, and some Prussian cavalry being within a short distance, he at once concluded the thieves to be amongst them, and had ridden after them accordingly. But to return from this digression.

Having given up our search, Colonel Torrens and myself left the city for Waterloo. The clouds were heavy that morning, but the pouring rain of the night was succeeded by a gentle drizzle, which continued to fall till long after the battle began. We were scarcely beyond the Namur suburb when we heard the firing, but not heavy, and apparently more distant than the position in front of Waterloo; it, however, caused us to push on through the forest as fast as the state of the road would permit, the quantity of rain which had fallen having made it fetlock-deep in mud on either side of the pavement, and where we were compelled to ride, the paved portion being occupied by wheel carriages of various kinds hastening to the rear; indeed the entire road was at times so encumbered as to oblige us to leave it altogether, and thread our way among the trees. The immediate rear of every great army, when actually engaged, will always present scenes of confusion; but on that occasion, the suddenness, and rapidity of our military operations, the diversity of troops comprising the Anglo-allied force, together with the necessity for every thing to travel upon a single road, produced perhaps an unusual amount of disorder.

The road from Brussels to Waterloo enters the forest of Soignies at the distance of two miles from the city, and is sheltered by its noble beeches nearly as far as the hamlet of Mount St. Jean, which lies more than a mile beyond the village of Waterloo; the breadth of the forest at that part is about eight miles. Ere we had got half way through it, the roar of cannon became loud and prolonged; but we needed not its testimony to prove that the battle had begun, for we encountered numbers of affrighted fugitives, nearly all in foreign uniforms, by some of whom we were told, as they hurried along quite breathless, that the Army had given way at the first attack, and all were lost. This was rather startling news, and at first we knew not what to think of it, but on reflection it seemed as if matters could not be quite so bad, in spite of appearances; and we concluded it was possible that some of the foreign troops might have been routed while the British maintained their ground. All apprehension was, however, banished from our minds by meeting a wounded Staff Officer, who informed us that when he quitted the field the Army continued to hold its position, and had just repulsed a severe attack on the right. On clearing the forest our eyes were regaled with a sight of it, and we had soon the satisfaction to find order and confidence pervading those ranks, which no efforts of the enemy could succeed in materially disturbing.



I have no intention of eking out my recollections by giving any account of the general features of the battle; the changes have been too often rung upon them for further description to be tolerated, unless the Great Duke himself should condescend to take pen in hand. The industry of Captain Siborne has, however, in my humble opinion, rendered even that no longer necessary; his History having been compiled of materials emanating from very high quarters, if not from the highest authority. Let me here remark that whatever may be the merits or defects discernible in my own pages, they bring forward nothing but what I either saw myself or know to have occurred. Moreover they studiously abstain from repeating facts which have been related by other writers, save perhaps in one or two instances, when corroborative testimony appeared desirable. Possibly some of my reminiscences may be thought almost too trifling to be recorded; but, as an eminent person observed to me recently, "a propos" to an incident in Sir William Allan's fine illustration of the battle, "Waterloo had lost none of its interest," a remark, by the way, which engendered in me the idea of scribbling these Recollections. As the last gleaner lingering on a field, that has been searched over and over again, but few ears of corn can be expected to fall to my share; so, not to leave it entirely empty-handed, I am compelled to pick up a few straws, which coming from such a field as Waterloo, are perhaps worth preserving.

As many of my readers can have no idea of the number of persons usually attached to the head-quarters of a large army, it may be as well to inform them that the Duke's staff at Waterloo was composed of at least forty. There was his personal Staff, consisting of a Military Secretary and six or eight Aides-de-Camp; the Adjutant and Quarter-master Generals, each with his suit of half-a-dozen officers; the Commanding Officers of Artillery and Engineers, with their followers. Besides our own people, we had Generals Alava, Muffling, and Vincent, all attended by Aides-de-Camp; so that we formed an imposing cavalcade.

It will readily be understood that none but individuals belonging to Head-quarters Staff can possibly move about so as to see what takes place in various parts of a field of battle, all others being necessarily confined within a more or less limited sphere of action and of vision, and are therefore only cognizant of events occurring in their immediate vicinity. Hence a person may see much fighting, and yet know very little about the battle, in which he is taking part. I shall, by-and-bye, adduce a remarkable instance in proof of this. I suppose there never was a battle wherein a Commander-in-Chief afforded to the Head-quarter Staff such opportunities of seeing its principal events as that of Waterloo; for wherever there was an attack, thither went the Duke, exposing himself to the hottest fire, as if he possessed a charmed life, or could catch and pocket the enemy's bullets like the notorious Father Murphy: his escaping without a wound was marvellous. On one occasion especially I trembled for his safety; it was during an attack on our left, very near La Haye Sainte, between three and four o'clock, where he remained for many minutes exposed to a heavy fire of musketry. All the Staff, except a single Aide-de-Camp, had received a signal to keep back, in order not to attract the enemy's fire; we remained therefore under the brow of the elevated ground, and, the better to keep out of observation, dismounted. As I looked over my saddle I could trace the outline of the Duke and his horse amid the smoke, standing within a few yards of the Highlanders, while the bullets, and they came thickly, hissed harmlessly over our heads. It was a time of intense anxiety. I have said that a single Aide-de-Camp attended His Grace on that perilous occasion; this was no less a person than Lord Arthur Hill, the most portly young man in the Army; who remained a little in rear of the Duke, and I suppose just out of the line of fire, otherwise his fat person must have been riddled.

Sometimes the situation of the Head-quarters Staff, like that of the troops when inactive and standing to be pounded by cannon-shot, was sufficiently trying whilst at others it was in the highest degree exciting; but nothing that occurred seemed capable of producing any visible effect on the Duke, whom I had constantly opportunities of closely observing; as he would often counter-march, and thereby brush past all who followed him. His look and demeanour were always perfectly calm and composed; and he rarely spoke to any one, unless to send a message to give an order: indeed, he generally rode quite alone—that is, no one was at his side; appearing unconscious even of the presence of his own troops, while his eye kept scanning intently those of his opponent. Occasionally he would stop, and peer for a few seconds through the large field telescope, which he carried in his right hand; and thus the docile Copenhagen permitted, without testifying a symptom of impatience. Thus he would promenade in front of the troops, along the crest of the position, watching the enemy's preparation for their attacks. On one occasion he was about to pass before a battalion of the Nassau troops, posted about the left centre, when two of his Aides de-Camp rushed forward and entreated him to turn back: for a moment I thought he would continue on notwithstanding their interference, but was heartily glad when he yielded and retraced his steps. I think I have already mentioned that the Nassauers had long served under the French eagles; in fact their arms, clothing, and general bearing were all French, and hence we could not place confidence in them: most unquestionably it would have been imprudent in the Duke to pass between them and the enemy, for the drawing of a single trigger, at that moment, in their ranks might have done a thousand times more injury to the cause of Europe than was effected by all Napoleon's cannon. By the way, there was not a battalion on the ground that presented a more imposing aspect; its green uniform, crossed by broad buff belts, handsome cap, and tall dark plume, combined to produce a fine martial appearance. Except the troops of the King's German Legion, this Nassau Battalion was, I believe, the only foreign one that kept its place in the front line. Once only I saw it engaged, when in square, and it peppered the French cavalry in very good style. I am glad to be able to say this much, as I afterwards saw enough to satisfy me that the Nassauers deserted the field that day in a larger proportion than the other foreigners. I am sorry to have had occasion to speak disparagingly of our auxiliaries generally; but wish it to be well understood that my sentiments have only to the Waterloo period, when a powerful prejudice in favour of Napoleon existed among the Belgians and Dutch, many thousands of whom, then brought into the field against him, had long fought in the ranks of his armies. And as regards the Germans, that is, the Brunswickers and Hanoverians, they were young levies, calculated to make good soldiers in time.—The wonder is that they did so well, as Waterloo was a trying battle, even for the staunchest veterans.

Having casually alluded to the desertion of their colours by some of the foreign troops, I shall mention here, that having been sent to order up a battery of Dutch guns, which had remained for some time in reserve, out of fire, close to Mont St. Jean, an officer whom I met told me the forest was swarming with soldiers who had left the field. After executing my commission,—which, by the way, turned out a fruitless errand, as Major Van Something positively refused to move his guns to the front, alleging that he had no ammunition left,

—I looked into the forest and beheld "an unco' sight." Whole companies of certain regiments seemed to have marched off, for I saw arms piled with some regularity, fires blazing, and cooking-kettles suspended over them, while the men were lying about, smoking, sleeping, or engaged in culinary operations, as coolly as if no enemy was within a day's march of them. That such should have been the scene within half-a-mile of the battle-field is, I imagine, without a parallel in the annals of warfare, but really ought not to surprise us when we consider how many thousands had "no stomach for the fight." General Muffling, a competent and unprejudiced authority, in his account of the battle, estimates the runnaways who sought concealment in the forest at ten thousand men; a number considerably below the mark.

The coolness and admirable discipline of the British and German Legion troops were conspicuous throughout the battle, but never was it so apparent as when the French cavalry were riding about amongst their squares in a manner never before seen; when all firing having ceased, they might have been mistaken, by any one unacquainted with the uniforms, for our own. While large bodies occupied spaces between the squares of infantry on the crest of the Allied position, smaller parties might be seen riding round them, and even menacing those of the second line. This exhibition lasted on one occasion more than half-an-hour; a useless bravado, and waste of much invaluable time to the enemy; for after the failure of more serious demonstrations against our infantry, it was not likely that such idle threatenings could create disorder.—I have used the term demonstration, as I doubt whether any attack amounting to actual collision took place during any of the so-called charges of cavalry.—For my own part, I many times saw masses of horse advance to within thirty or forty yards of the squares, when seeing the determined firmness of the latter, they invariably edged away and withdrew. Sometimes they would halt and gaze at the formidable triple row of bayonets, when two or three individuals might be seen to leave their places in the ranks, striving by voice and gesture to urge them forward: placing their helmets on their swords, they waved them aloft, a bootless display of gallantry; for the fine fellows they addressed remained immovable, knowing that certain death would be the consequence of any nearer approach. Had they thought it worth while to fall resolutely on a few of the squares in the second line, doubtless some of them would have been broken; for I repeatedly noticed unsteadiness amongst them, and men running from them to the rear. It was amusing to see at times several starting from an angle of a square, and immediately one or two Staff Officers would gallop off to intercept them in the flight, who always succeeded in driving them back to their colours. I assisted in this duty more than once, and was surprised at the readiness with which the foreigners returned as soon as we got into their rear.

Occasionally it happened that we of the Staff were ourselves compelled to run; but of course, being well mounted, we laughed at pursuit by the French cavalry. I well remember the annoyance felt by a brave officer, when his horse, a hard-mouthed brute, carried him once or twice rather farther than he wished, which gave rise to a little bantering. There was a young friend of mine too, belonging to the Staff Corps, whose horse seemed to take a strange freak, for which for the moment we could not account. It appeared that the French cavalry had driven away the gunners attached to Major Lloyd's battery, and forced the Major to seek refuge in a square of the Guards, under the lee of which the young officer in question also found shelter. When the enemy withdrew, there stood the guns untouched, and seeing Lloyd run out from the square towards them, he rode forward and joined him. At that moment the French were leisurely retiring in a mass, and the brave Lloyd seizing a rammer tried one of the pieces, which to his great surprise was still loaded; this he discharged with effect, the enemy being scarcely a hundred and fifty yards distant. Strange as it may seem a second gun was also found charged, with the contents of which Lloyd favoured the Cuirassiers. This was the work of a minute or two, and as yet no gunners had returned. While Lloyd was lamenting that he had not a charge wherewith to reload, my friend's horse suddenly wheeled about, plunged violently, knocking off his rider's cocked hat, and set off at full speed to the rear, passing between the squares.\*

"Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,  
Away went hat and wig."

This couplet greeted him on his return to our party. It may perhaps be said that the occasion was too serious for such idle joking; but such is human nature. The erratic steed had received a severe wound, which in the sequel proved a most serious matter to no less a person than the late Marquess of Londonderry, then Lord Castlereagh. His Lordship chanced to be taking a walk before breakfast in the Champs Elysees, soon after we entered Paris, when a groom passing near him, with a led horse, the animal lashed out and struck the Minister violently just over both knees, owing to which accident he was laid up for more than a fortnight, at an inconvenient moment for the interests of our diplomacy. My friend's Waterloo charger was the offender; his wound not healing he had no work to do, became very fresh and skittish, and hence was nearly killing the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

I have said I would give an instance to show how ignorant a person engaged in a battle may be of the most important occurrence that have taken place beyond the sphere of his vision. Everybody knows that about two o'clock Picton repulsed a very serious attack by D'Erlon's division, and that Ponsonby's brigade, and other Cavalry, got amongst the French infantry when in disorder, and after killing many, captured near two thousand, who were sent off immediately to Brussels. Happening more than a hour afterwards to be on the right, I came upon a battalion of the Rifles, and my old acquaintance Fullarton asked how matters were proceeding in the other parts of the field. I informed him of the result of the attack on Picton's division, which caused great joy to him and his friends. Many years afterwards, falling in with Fullarton, on the other side of the Atlantic, he reminded me that the last time we met was on the *chaussée*, just above Hougomont, and of the joy my tidings had then disseminated through his battalion. Poor Fullarton, he was a very brave and excellent officer, who escaped the dangers of the Peninsula and Waterloo to lay his bones in the burying ground of Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he commanded the troops when he died.

It will be remembered that I accompanied an old officer of rank from Brussels to Quatre-Bras on the 16th. After my unsuccessful interview with the Dutch Major of Artillery, as mentioned above, I was returning to look for head-quarters, when I met him in the same pursuit; while we were moving gently—my friend was never in a hurry—along the high road from Mont St. Jean towards La Haye Sainte, a French battery opened its fire, and the balls, by that time nearly spent, came bounding down the road, looking almost as if they could be stopped by the hand; although one of them would have taken a leg clean off. Seeing no good reason for holding to the road, and that those against

\* The gallant Lloyd was killed before the battle ended



our continuing on it were many and powerful, I hinted to my companion the propriety of turning aside; but he persisted in going on, scorning to give way to a few cannon balls. I therefore left him to contend with them, and sloping away to the right, fell in with Sir E. Barnes, the Adjutant-General, supported by Hamilton, his Aide-de-Camp, who begged of me to ride away to the nearest cavalry, and procure a dragoon to assist the General, who was very faint from loss of blood, having been shot through the shoulder. Having a pocket-pistol, charged with some *liqueur* in my holster, I handed it to him, and then set off for help. It was as much as Hamilton and a trooper could do to support him in his saddle. He was a dashing officer in the field, and rather a pipe-eater. When I met him he was habited in his full-dress embroidered coat, which rendered him very conspicuous, the rest of the Staff wearing blue coats.

I believe that none of us anticipated so glorious a termination to the battle. For my part, I could scarcely credit the evidences of my senses, when I found myself hurried along over the enemy's ground, past many of those guns which had been thundering at us all day, and which then completely blocked up the broad high-road. Writers upon Waterloo have made all circumstances attending our success clear enough to my comprehension; but to me at the moment it was a vast scene of the confusion; and I have sometimes thought since that had Napoleon husbanded ten or twelve thousand of his Guard, or his splendid cavalry, which was so uselessly employed and frittered away the headlong course of the victors might easily have been checked, so as to permit the army to retreat in an orderly manner. After passing La Belle Alliance some of our people became mingled with the Prussians, and the latter were firing in a very disorderly manner; I was also amongst them, and really thought myself in considerable danger of being shot. As to the unhappy Frenchman who lay about wounded, they met with no mercy. I got clear of the Prussians as soon as I could, and was glad to find myself with a whole skin among the 52nd, which was one of the most forward regiments. The Duke had been moving in its rear, and soon after I rejoined head-quarters I heard him desire that our troops should keep the right of the high-road. It was dark when the order to halt was given, and the 52nd then formed up in line, breathless, from having moved forward so rapidly. The Duke remained for about ten minutes immediately in its rear, talking to that fine old soldier, Colonel Colborne (now Lord Seaton), who commanded it so ably that day.

An interesting circumstance, afterwards, was the meeting of Wellington and Blücher, the precise time and situation of which not being generally known, I shall relate what took place under my own observation. Having ordered that the troops should bivouac where they were, the Duke got upon the chaussee, and at a walk rode back towards Waterloo. Just before he reached La Belle Alliance, the outlines of a numerous party on horseback, surrounded by crowds of infantry, could be made out, though it was dark, approaching the road from the direction of Papelotte and La Haye.

When first observed, the party was about fifty yards from the road, and, on seeing it, the Duke, aware, perhaps, that it was Marshal Blücher and his Staff, turned aside to meet the brave old Prussian. I was very close to the two heroes during their short conference, which may have lasted about ten minutes; but it was too dark for me to distinguish old Blücher's features. It is a remarkable circumstance that this meeting should have taken place within two or three hundred yards of La Belle Alliance; and most probably Blücher did express a wish for the battle to bear that name, as we have been told. It must have been quite half-past nine when these distinguished men shook hands and parted. The Duke then regained the chaussee, and proceeded, as before, at a walk. I think he was then accompanied by only five persons, the rest of the Staff having got scattered in the confusion and darkness which prevailed during the last half-hour of the advance. I well remember that one of them was the late Lieut.-General Sir Colin Campbell, who cut a formidable appearance, being armed with a great French dragoon sabre. On descending the slope from La Belle Alliance, the Duke was obliged to go off the road, which was so encumbered by French guns and tumbrils that nothing could pass.

#### IRELAND SIXTY YEARS AGO.

The long-protracted misery of Ireland—its apparently ceaseless exposure to party dissensions—its seeming inability to help itself—all this and much more leads to the common conviction on this side of the Channel, that the country is irreclaimable, doomed for ever to suffering and degradation. We cannot fall in with that opinion. The miseries of Ireland are a consequence, in the first instance, of English conquest and mismanagement. The people have not been allowed to manage themselves, so as to bring out the qualities of self-dependence and foresight. Always treated as incapables, incapables they remain. Ireland is nevertheless improving. The meliorations in law and government during the last few years have had a marked effect; the mere influence of imitation, as respects social usages, has rendered Irish society a very different thing from what it was at the middle of the eighteenth century. With not a little to complain of, Ireland will doubtless go on improving; and yet such is the force of traditional character, that long after many unpleasant features are gone, it will still be looked upon as a country of lawless turbulence, frolicsome folly and confusion.

Whatever be its future fate, it is pleasant in the meantime to know that Ireland is substantially improving, at least as regards education and social order. Strangers, with heads filled with stories of Irish rows, are usually a good deal surprised to find that Dublin is a quiet respectable-looking town, with people going about in as decorous a manner as they do in London or Edinburgh. Instead of Irishmen leaping and yelling with a cudgel in one hand and a bottle in the other, as they are still made to do on the stage, we see a peaceful community minding its business, and only a scatter of beggars to bring to our recollection that the rural affairs of the country are still in a state of discreditable mismanagement.

The best way to convince the sceptical of the distinct advances made by Ireland, is to compare its present state of manners with what unhappily distinguished it two or three generations ago. Means for making this comparison have just been afforded by an Irish writer in a small work lying before us. "Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years Ago," as this production is designated, affords a curious insight into the whole social fabric of last century—the fights, abductions, robberies, frolics, gambling, and drunkenness for which the country yet traditionally suffers. Though lamentable in many of its details, the volume will be perused with much interest, and will afford no small degree of amusement.

The author commences with an account of the fights which used to take place in the streets of Dublin in past times, greatly to the disgrace, as we think, of the government for the time being. Here is a specimen.

"Among the lower orders a feud and deadly hostility had grown up between

the Liberty Boys, or tailors and weavers of the Coombe, and the Ormond Boys, or butchers who lived in Ormond Market, on Ormond Quay, which caused frequent conflicts; and it is in the memory of many now living that the streets, and particularly the quays and bridges, were impassable in consequence of the battles of these parties. The weavers, descending from the upper regions beyond Thomas Street, poured down on their opponents below; they were opposed by the butchers, and a contest commenced on the quays which extended from Essex to Island Bridge. The shops were closed, all business suspended, the sober and peaceable compelled to keep their houses, and those whose occasions led them through the streets where the belligerents were engaged were stopped, while the war of stones and other missiles was carried on across the river, and the bridges were taken and retaken by the hostile parties. It will hardly be believed that for whole days the intercourse of the city was interrupted by the feuds of these factions. The few miserable watchmen, inefficient for any purpose of protection, looked on in terror, and thought themselves well acquitted of their duty if they escaped from stick and stone. A friend of ours has told us that he has gone down to Essex Bridge, when he has been informed that one of these battles was raging, and stood quietly on the battlements for a whole day looking at the combat, in which above a thousand men were engaged. At one time the Ormond Boys drove those of the Liberty up to Thomas Street, where, rallying, they repulsed their assailants, and drove them back as far as the Broad Stone, while the bridges and the quays were strewn with the maimed and wounded. On May 11, 1790, one of those frightful riots raged for an entire Saturday on Ormond Quay, the contending parties struggling for the mastery of the bridge; but nightfall having separated them before the victory was decided, the battle was renewed on the Monday following. It was reported of Alderman Emerson, when lord mayor, on one of those occasions, that he declined to interfere when applied to, asserting that 'it was as much as his life was worth to go among them.' These feuds terminated sometimes in frightful excesses. The butchers used their knives, not to stab their opponents, but for a purpose then common in the barbarous state of Irish society—to *hough* or cut the tendon of the leg, thereby rendering the person incurably lame for life. On one occasion after a defeat of the Ormond Boys, those of the Liberty retaliated in a manner still more barbarous and revolting. They dragged the persons they seized to their market, and dislodging the meat they found there, hooked the men by the jaws, and retired, leaving the butchers hanging on their own stalls. The spirit of the times led men of the highest grade and respectability to join with the dregs of the market in these outrages, entirely forgetful of the feelings of their order, then immeasurably more exclusive in their ideas of a gentleman than now; and the young aristocrat, who would have felt it an intolerable degradation to associate, or even be seen, with an honest merchant, however respectable, with a singular inconsistency made a boast of his intimate acquaintance with the lawless excesses of butchers and coal-porters."

In some respects the gentry exceeded the humbler orders in a taste for outrage. The most disorderly individuals were a class of "gentlemen" called Bucks, who seemed to be above all considerations of law or decency. "It was their practice to cut off a small portion of the scabbards of the swords which every one then wore, and prick or 'pink' the persons with whom they quarreled with the naked points, which were sufficiently protruded to inflict considerable pain, but not sufficient to cause death. When this was intended, a greater length of the blade was uncovered. Barbers at that time were essential persons to Bucks going to parties, as no man could then appear without his hair being elaborately dressed and powdered. The disappointment of a barber was therefore a sentence of exclusion from a dinner, supper party, or ball, where a fashionable man might as well appear without his head as without powder and pomatum. When any unfortunate *friseur* disappointed, he was the particular object of their rage; and more than one was, it is said, put to death by the long points, as a just punishment for his delinquency. There was at that time a celebrated coffee-house called 'Lucas's,' where the Royal Exchange now stands. This was frequented by the fashionable, who assumed an intolerable degree of insolence over all of less rank who frequented it. Here a Buck used to strut up and down with a long train to his morning-gown; and if any person, in walking across the room, happened accidentally to tread upon it, his sword was drawn, and the man punished on the spot for the supposed insolence." An account follows of the sacking of a tavern by a party of Bucks, one of whom was a lord, two were colonels in the army, and the others were officers of rank in the service of the Duke of Rutland, then lord-lieutenant. "The latter interested himself on their behalf; and such was the influence of their rank, that the matter was hushed up, and the gentlemen engaged in this atrocious outrage, though all well known, escaped unpunished."

Duelling also was universal. Between 1780 and 1800, three hundred duels were fought; and counties became distinguished for dexterity in using certain weapons—Galway for the sword; Tipperary, Roscommon, and Sligo for the pistol; Mayo for equal skill in both. "Duelling clubs were actually established, the conditions of which were, that before a man was ballotted for, he must sign a solemn declaration that he had exchanged a shot or thrust with an antagonist." Barristers used to retire to fight when they seriously differed in argument, and judges were equally ready to step down from the bench to have a round with persons with whom they differed. An anecdote is given of a famous duellist, who always rang the bell by firing a bullet against the bell-handle. "He was such an accurate shot with a pistol, that his wife was in the habit of holding a lighted candle in her hand for him, as a specimen of his skill, to snuff with a pistol bullet at so many paces' distance. He was seen for whole days leaning out of his window, and amusing himself with annoying the passengers. When one went by whom he thought a fit subject, he threw down on him some rubbish or dirt to attract his notice, and when the man looked up, he spat in his face. If he made any expostulation, Bryan crossed his arms, and presenting a pistol in each hand, invited him up to his room, declaring he would give him satisfaction there, and his choice of the pistols."

Abduction, or the carrying away and marrying young heiresses against their will, was a common outrage against which the law long thundered in vain. "An association was formed in the south of Ireland, which could not have existed in any other country. This association was 'an abduction club,' the members of which bound themselves by an oath to assist in carrying off such young women as were fixed upon by any members. They had emissaries and confederates in every house, who communicated information of particulars—the extent of the girl's fortune, the state and circumstances of the family, with details of their intentions and domestic arrangements and movements. When a girl was thus pointed out, the members drew lots, but more generally tossed up for her, and immediate measures were taken to secure her for the fortunate man by all the rest. No class of society was exempt from their visits; and



opulent farmers, as well as the gentry, were subject to these engagements of the clubs, according to their rank in life. The persons who were most usually concerned in such clubs were a class of men abounding in Ireland called 'squireens.' They were the younger sons or connexions of respectable families, having little or no patrimony of their own, but who scorned to demean themselves by any useful or profitable pursuit. They are described by Arthur Young and other writers of the day as distinguished in fairs and markets, races and assizes, by appearing in red waistcoats, lined with narrow lace or fur, tight leathern breeches, and top-boots, riding 'a bit of blood' lent or given them from the stables of their opulent connexions." One of the most distressing cases of abduction by this class of men was one perpetrated in 1779, on two very young ladies, Catherine and Anne Kennedy. These unfortunate girls were stolen away at a ball, by two 'gentlemen,' under circumstances of great depravity and cruelty. Forcibly detained and bound on horseback, the two helpless young women were dragged from place to place for a period of five weeks. Ultimately they were rescued by friends, and the two abductors escaped to Wales. There, however, they were seized, brought to Ireland, tried, and condemned to death for the crime. As they had high connexions, it was supposed the sentence would never be executed. Powerful intercession was made in their behalf—"But Scott, afterwards Lord Clonmel, was then attorney-general, and conducted the prosecution. He openly declared in court, that if this abduction were suffered to pass with impunity, there would be no safety for any girl, and no protection for the domestic peace and happiness of any family; and he called upon the government to carry out the sentence. His remonstrance was attended to, and the unfortunate gentlemen were hanged, to the great astonishment of their numerous friends and admirers. So strong and general was the excitement among the peasantry, that a rescue was greatly feared, and an extraordinary large force of horse and foot was ordered to attend their execution; and such was the deep sympathy for their fate, that all the shops were shut up, and all business suspended in Kilkenny and the neighbouring towns." This sympathy with a couple of miscreants did not cease with their death. Instead of pitying the poor girls, on whom a barbarous outrage had been committed, the people looked on them as the true offenders, and persecuted them with unrelenting virulence. It is no doubt this singular illogicality of the Irish mind which sustains the impression, that the people are radically incurable in their condition.

Passing over several chapters, we come to 'Prison Usages,' in which is presented a melancholy yet ludicrous picture of Irish prisons and their inmates sixty years since. The most shocking exhibition of the utter laxity of all discipline and want of decency was exhibited in the manner in which condemned capital convicts were allowed to pass their last hours. When so many petty offences were punishable with death, and commitment on suspicion was so often but the stepping-stone to the gallows, it was natural that, to the unfortunate felons themselves, an execution should be stripped of all the salutary terrors in which alone the utility of capital punishment consists, and should be by them regarded as an ordinary misfortune in their course of life. The numerous instances recorded of utter levity and recklessness exhibited by convicts on the very verge of eternity, clearly show this to have been so, not merely in Ireland, but in the sister kingdom. The practice of prisoners selling their bodies to surgeons, to be dissected after their execution, was common, we believe, to both countries; and the anecdote of the felon who took the money, and then told the surgeon, laughing, that "it was a bite, for he was to be hung in chains," we believe we can hardly claim as Irish wit. But there was one trait, evincing a similar careless indifference, which was peculiarly Irish. The coffins of condemned malefactors were usually sent to them, that the sight might suggest the immediate prospect of death, and excite corresponding feelings of solemn reflection and preparation for the awful event. From motives of humanity, the friends of the condemned were also allowed free intercourse with him during the brief space preceding his execution. The result was, that the coffin was converted to a use widely different from that intended. It was employed as a card-table, and the condemned wretch spent his last night in this world gambling on it. Our wonder at such scenes is lessened when we are told that at that period the school-books in ordinary use consisted of stories of robbers, murderers, and clever rapparees. The actions of lawless felons were held up as objects of interest in imitation; all sense of right and wrong was systematically confounded. What a change for the better in the present National School system of Ireland!

We draw our notice of this interesting volume to a conclusion, by citing one more anecdote illustrative of past times. It relates to the habits of intemperance which universally prevailed. An elderly clergyman of our acquaintance, on leaving home to enter college, stopped on his way at the hospitable mansion of a friend of his father for a few days. The whole time he was engaged with drinking parties every night, and assiduously plied with bumpers, till he sank under the table. In the morning, he was of course deadly sick, but his host prescribed "a hair of the old dog"—that is, a glass of raw spirits. One night he contrived to steal through a back window. As soon as he was missed, the cry of "stole away" was raised, and he was pursued, but effected his escape into the park. Here he found an Italian artist, who had also been of the company, but who, unused to such scenes, had likewise fled from the orgies. They concealed themselves by lying down among the deer, and so passed the night. Towards morning they returned to the house, and were witnesses of an extraordinary procession. Such of the company as were still able to walk had procured a flat backed ear, on which they heaped the bodies of those who were insensible; then throwing a sheet over them, and illuminating them with candles, like an Irish wake, some taking the shafts of the car before, and others pushing behind, and all setting up the Irish cry, the sensible survivors left their departed insensible friends at their respective homes. The consequences of this debauch were several duels between the active and passive performers on the following day.

#### TURTLE CATCHING.

We are told by Pliny, in his Natural History, that the turtle is so large an animal, that its shell serves as a boat to the islanders of the Red Sea, and that a single one suffices for the roof of a dwelling-house. This, however, is not so enormous an exaggeration as one might suppose, since Dampier mentions a turtle that was four feet thick, and six feet from side to side. The shell of this magnificent animal was used as a boat, in which a child of nine or ten years of age embarked to join his father, who was then on board his ship, at a distance of a quarter of a mile. In 1752, a turtle was shipwrecked (supposing him to be his own vessel), and came on shore at Dieppe: he measured six feet long by four in width, and weighed nine quintals. Two years after, another animal of the same weight was captured in the Greek Archipelago, whose liver sufficed for the abundant dinner of more than a hundred persons, while its fat weighed more than a hundred pounds. This creature from a peculiarity in

the flavour of its flesh, was supposed to have voyaged from South America, transported by the vast current which issues from the Gulf of Mexico, passes by the United States, and is even felt on the coasts of Great Britain.

There are four different species of marine turtle—the Green, the Hawk-billed, the Loggerhead, and the Trunk turtle. The first is the *aldermanic* turtle, well known to the epicures of the city; the second furnishes the article so valuable in commerce under the name of tortoise-shell; the third is a strong and fierce creature, which has been known to bite a thick walking-stick in two in an instant; the fourth is of an enormous size, and pouched like a pelican, and its shell and flesh are so soft, that "one may push his finger into them," as Audubon says, "almost as into a lump of butter."

The marine turtle inhabits the bottom of the sea, though probably at no great distance from the land, and there pastures, in these solitary depths, on algae and other sea-weeds. But in case of need, he is supposed to have recourse to animal-food, being able to crush with his horny jaws the substance of fishes less monstrous than himself. He is not fond, apparently, of the flavour of fresh water, keeping at some distance from the mouths of rivers, except at a certain time of the year, when the eggs are to be buried in the sand. On this occasion the tribe seek the embouchure of the most considerable stream they can find, and there they are taken by their human enemies in the greatest numbers.

On nearing the shore, which is usually on a calm moonlight night, the turtle raises her head from the water to reconnoitre. If all is quiet, she emits a loud hissing sound, and landing upon the beach, creeps along the sand till she finds a feasible place. Here she again looks round, but this time in profound silence; and if convinced of her security, she sets to work to scoop out a hole in the sand with her hind-flippers, sometimes to the depth of more than two feet. The eggs are dropped one by one, it may be to the number of two hundred, and the loose sand then scraped over them in such a way, that a passer-by would not suspect the mystery. Although the eggs are deposited during the night, the turtle-hunters, when sure of the haunt, have little difficulty in falling in with stragglers, whom they have merely to turn on their backs, on which they lie helplessly till their captors have time to carry them off. This applies however, only to the green species; for another kind, with rounder back, and more active movements, require to be anchored with a stone if not killed on the spot.

A more wholesale mode of capture is to set nets in the water, with strong but wide meshes, along the place where they are expected to land; and when the animals are on their nightly journey to deposit their eggs, they are entangled by the head or paddles, and being thus prevented from rising to breathe, are drowned. The harpoon is a more sportsman-like instrument of death. It has not the barb of the common harpoon; but when darted into the shell, when the victim rises to breathe, or is lying asleep on the surface, it remains fixed, like a nail driven into a board. A calm, still night is chosen for this purpose—the enemy having previously ascertained, by the fragments of sea-weeds scattered on the surface, the spot where their prey are peacefully pasturing beneath. The boat creeps to its work through the sluggish waters, with no other noise than the dip of the muffled oars; and the leader standing on the bow, harpoon in hand, and bending his eager eyes upon the water, makes signals how to steer, like the master of a steamer, without turning his head. A bubbling of the water by and by leads him to the spot where a turtle is about to rise; and as soon as the unhappy denizen of the deep, which cannot live without atmospheric air, shows himself above the surface, the iron messenger of fate flashes through the air, and quivers in his back. Now commences a scene resembling, on a smaller scale, that presented by the struggles of a whale. The shaft of the harpoon is recovered by its thrower, and the point, which is attached by a rope to the bow of the boat, secures effectually the terrified animal, who, in his flight, may drag the whole cortege with him a considerable distance; but yields in the end, either dying of his wound, or suffocated in the water, from which he dares not, or cannot rise.

The following account, referring to these modes of fishing in Brazil, is given by Mr. Edwards:—"The turtles are a still greater blessing to the dwellers upon the upper river. In the early part of the dry season these animals ascend the Amazon, probably from the sea, and assemble upon the sandy islands and beaches left dry by the retiring waters in the Japura and other tributaries. They deposit their eggs in the sand, and at this season all the people, for hundreds of miles round about, resort to the river-banks as regularly as to a fair. The eggs are collected into montarias, or other proper receptacles, and broken. The oil floating upon the surface is skimmed off with the valves of the large shells found in the river, and is poured into pots, each holding about six gallons. It is computed that a turtle lays one hundred and fifty eggs in a season. Twelve thousand eggs make one pot of oil, and six thousand pots are annually sent from the most noted localities; consequently seventy-two millions of eggs are destroyed, which require four hundred and eighty thousand turtles to produce them. And yet but a small portion of the whole number of eggs are broken. When fifty days have expired, the young cover the ground, and march in millions to the water, where swarms of enemies more destructive than man await their coming. Every branch of the Amazon is resorted to, more or less, in the same manner; and the whole number of turtles is beyond all conjecture. Those upon the Maderia are little molested, on account of the unhealthiness of the locality in which they breed. They are said to be of a different and smaller variety from those upon the Amazon. We received a different variety still from the Branco, and there may be many more yet undistinguished. The turtles are turned upon their backs when found upon the shore, picked up at leisure, and carried to different places upon the river. Frequently they are kept the year round in pens properly constructed, and one such that we saw at Villa Nova contained nearly one hundred. During the summer months they constitute a great proportion of the food of the people; but when we consider their vast numbers, a long period must elapse before they sensibly diminish. Their average weight when taken is from fifty to seventy-five pounds, but many are much larger. Where they go after the breeding season no one knows, for they are never observed descending the river; but from below Para, more or less are seen ascending every season. They are mostly caught at this time in the lakes of clear water which so plentifully skirt either shore, and generally are taken with lances or small harpoons as they are sleeping on the surface. But the Muras have a way of capturing them peculiar to themselves; shooting them with arrows from a little distance, the arrow being so elevated, that in falling, it strikes and penetrates the shell. In this, even long practice can scarcely make perfect; and fifty arrows may be shot at the unconscious sleeper before he is secured."

The muscular power of the turtle is so great, that, when unwounded, he is a first-rate tug. A rather curious proof of this was received, in the year 1696, by a slave, who was fishing alone in his little canoe off the island of Mar-



tinique. The man fell in with an immense turtle lying fast asleep on the surface of the water; and conceiving that he had stumbled upon a prize, he drew near cautiously, and passed the boat's painter, with a running knot, round one of the creature's flippers. The sleeper awoke, and seeing something near him that was not an honest-looking turtle like himself, he took to flight, drawing canoe and man in his wake, without seeming to feel that he had any burden at all. The slave was nothing daunted by a proceeding which he of course had expected, and he sat very quietly in the stern of his skiff, steering with his paddle, and hoping every now and then that the turtle was getting tired, or was near the drowning. But the courser, whose services he had thus treacherously impressed, was restive, and in one of his vagaries the canoe was capsized. This was too common an accident to be thought anything of; and after some trouble, he righted his boat, and took his seat in her as before, but with the loss of paddle, knife, fishing-lines—everything, in short, it had contained. Having now no paddle to steer with, he was at the mercy of circumstances, and the capsize occurred again, and again, the turtle always taking advantage of his fare being engaged in turning up the canoe to rest himself on the surface of the water, and get into wind for a new career.

On they skimmed along the liquid plain, till the sudden night of the tropics came down upon that desert sea, and the slave found himself whirling in the dark at the tail of what must now have seemed a marine demon. The sun rose again upon his fate, and seemed to lend fresh vigour to his ravisher. Fain would he have dispensed with the services he had of his own will enlisted; but without paddle, without knife, he felt himself even too happy in being able to cling to the boat at all. On, therefore, they hurried, on a journey that seemed to have no end, and which was diversified only by the occasional capsize of the canoe, and the simultaneous halt and refreshment of the turtle. Incredible as it may appear, the second night arrived, and was passed in the same manner; and it was not till the next morning that the animal exhibited symptoms of weariness and stupefaction, and allowed himself to be stranded on a shoal. The slave by this time was half dead with hunger, thirst, and fatigue; but yet he had energy enough left to kill his enemy, and feast on his spoils.

In Dr. Lang's recent account of north-eastern Australia, we have the following description of the mode of capturing turtles in Moreton Bay:—"The greatest excitement prevails in hunting the turtle (for it can scarcely be called fishing), black natives being always of the party, and uniformly the principal performers. The deepest silence must prevail; and if the slightest noise is made by any European of the party, the natives, who assume the direction of affairs, frown the offender into silence. They are constantly looking all around them for the game, and their keen eye detects the turtle in the deep water when invisible to Europeans. Suddenly, and without intimation of any kind, one of them leaps over the gunwale of the boat, and dives down in the deep water between the ears, and perhaps, after an interval of three minutes, re-appears on the surface with a large turtle. As soon as he appears with his prey, three or four other black fellows leap overboard to his assistance, and the helpless creature is immediately transferred into the boat. A black fellow has in this way not unfrequently brought up a turtle weighing five hundred weight. Great personal courage, as well as great agility, is required in this hazardous employment, the black fellows being frequently wounded by the powerful stroke of the animal's flippers."

In the Indian Ocean, the plan is somewhat different. When Mr. Darwin visited Keeling, one of the lagoon islands of coral formation, he had an opportunity of witnessing the sport, which appears to afford a still more picturesque and exciting scene. "The shallow, clear, and still water of the lagoon," he tells us, "resting in its greater part on white sand, is, when illumined by a vertical sun, of the most vivid green." It is girdled round by a line of snow-white breakers from the darkly-heaving waters of the ocean; while the strips of land, forming the island circle, are crowned by the level tops of the coconut trees. On the inner side of the circle, a white calcareous beach slopes into the lagoon, contrasting strangely with the rocky coast without, that receives the ceaseless roll of the sea—as strangely as the lagoon itself with that wild and seemingly illimitable ocean in the midst of which it sleeps so tranquilly. The channels that lead from the sea into the lagoon are frequented by turtles, and are so clear, and comparatively so shallow, that the white sand at the bottom is distinctly visible. When the animal, therefore, dives on seeing its pursuers, the latter have no difficulty in ascertaining the spot where it will re-appear to breathe; and a native, standing on the bow of the boat, watches eagerly the event, stooping forward over the water like a bird of prey.

Presently, the huge creature, which cannot live in the element where he has his being, rises to the surface in search of vital air; and on the instant, the hunter springs from the boat, dashes upon the back of his prey, and clasps his arms round his neck. Away goes the terrified turtle, ridden by this man of the sea. He cannot sink, or there would soon be an end of the contest. His head, in the steady grasp of his enemy, is directed upwards; and away therefore he rushes, over the clear smooth surface of the water—over the white sands below where he had lain so lately basking in the light—over his alga fields where he was wont to browse in peace and happiness. And away with him goes the rider, rejoicing in the race of which he knows the issue, and yelling with excitement caught from the motion, the clear air, the waving woods, the azure sky, the cool water, as green and bright as liquid emerald. But by degrees the animal becomes more and more feeble. Unable to contend with the unimaginable fate that has befallen him, he knows not why or how, he at length ceases to fly, and lies like a log upon the sea, and in due time is transferred to the boat, which has followed tranquilly their headlong career.

Such are the various modes of capturing turtles. We little think, when seeing a porter staggering along the streets of London with one of those ponderous, lazy-looking creatures on his shoulders—and still less, when quietly indulging in a plate of turtle-soup, with a bottle of iced-punch by our side—of the history of wild vicissitude and romantic adventure therewith connected!

## MABEL EARNLEY.

### CHAPTER I.

Poor Mabel Earnley! Little more than fifteen years had passed since she was laid a wailing infant in the arms of her dying mother. It was a sad mistake—a cruel disappointment! The ringers, who had waited, ropes in hand, to sound a peal of welcome to the heir of Longdale Manor, dispersed with muttered wrath to their several homes; the fagots that had been heaped to make a bonfire on the lawn were hurried out of sight; and all demonstration of joy was suspended by Sir William's desire. For his own part, the lord of the manor wandered hither and thither, moody and disconcerted, as if the possibility of his child not proving a son had never suggested itself to his mind.

Poor little Mabel! One heart alone welcomed her to this cold and selfish world; but that heart received her with love so pure, so unselfish, so passionate, so true, that surely it had of its fulness sufficed to make life beautiful, could it have lingered for ever about its now unconscious object; but, alas! the shadow of death already darkened that chamber. For a few days the baby was cradled on its mother's arm, and then there was gloom throughout the house; and the bells that were to have welcomed the birth of the heir rang a muffled death-peal for the Lady Earnley.

Sir William had loved his young and gentle wife, for he had known her first, when there was little prospect of his ever being master of the wealth whose possession had unhappily called forth the meaner and more sordid parts of his character; and now that she was gone, he refused to be comforted. He would not see his child, who, from that time, was committed to the charge of servants. She had entered her sixth year, when an event happened of considerable importance to her future interests. This was no other than the marriage of her father to a lady of some rank, on which occasion he returned to Longdale Manor for the first time since the death of his first wife.

Little Mabel listened eagerly, as her attendants, while settling things in order for their master's arrival, spoke of the first Lady Earnley, and her sad and early death.

"It seems but yesterday," said the nurse, "that we sat here all watching our poor lady's coffin in this very room."

"Ah! it was a sad time indeed," said the other; "but I knew how 'twould be from the day I saw her lying there, with the baby beside her. There was something awful in her face."

"But what have we here?" and she drew forth from the drawer of the cabinet she had been cleaning, a case containing a small portrait on ivory. "Come here, Miss Mabel, see what I have found!"

But little Mabel had climbed up on the high bed, and hidden her face in the pillow where she had heard them say her mother's head had lain. When they tried to move her, she clung to the pillow with wild and passionate cries; and when at last they told her of the treasure they had found, and persuaded her to raise her head, there was a look of anguish in her eyes doubly grievous in one so young. They put her mother's picture into her hand, and her tears burst forth afresh as she pressed it to her lips and to her heart, crying,—  
"Mamma! my own mamma! why did you die!"

The village bells rang loudly when Sir William Earnley brought home his second wife; and many eyes gazed anxiously on the carriage as it swept to the manor-house. The servants were assembled on the steps, and the shrinking Mabel stood beside her nurse. It was remarked that Sir William looked many years older than when he had left his home, and that his face was pale, and even sad, as he led his bride into the hall. At sight of his little girl he started and turned away; then, as if conquering his feelings by a strong effort, he lifted her in his arms and coldly kissed her forehead, as he said,—  
"Lady Earnley, this is my daughter."

Mabel glanced timidly at her step-mother, and met the cold, severe eyes fixed upon her; there was nothing to hope for from her! Oh, how willingly would the child have laid her head on her father's shoulder, and poured forth all her artless feelings! how dearly she would have loved him—she, who had no mother—if he had spoken but one kind word, if he had but once folded her to his bosom, as she had sometimes dreamt he would do! But he placed her on her feet again with silent indifference, and she stole away to her chamber to gaze upon all that remained to her of her dead mother, and to shed such tears as seldom fall from childhood's eyes.

About a year after her marriage, Lady Earnley presented her husband with a son, and this event had an important influence on Mabel's prospects, as well as on her character. She saw her father's joy, amounting to ecstasy, and she intuitively felt that she had none to love her. From this time she seemed to sink into absolute insignificance; and the neglected, unloved child might have fallen into a state of cold and sullen indifference, but for her communings with her mother's picture. Surely, in the influence that treasure exercised over Mabel, some of the mother's prayers were answered!

Years rolled on, and Mabel's fifteenth birthday was passed. Reserved, dreamy, cold in manner; in self-restraint a woman, in feeling a very child; ignorant of the commonest facts, yet versed in strange and far-fetched lore; with a vivid imagination, and a heart rife with suppressed emotions, and innocent of all worldly knowledge, she well deserved to be an object of the deepest interest.

It happened about this time that Sir William Earnley left home for a few days with his wife and son; and Mabel's governess having taken the opportunity of giving herself a holiday, the young girl found herself free to follow her own inclinations. These led her first to the library, whence she took one of those volumes of chivalry and splendour, in which she delighted, and then she wandered away to one of her favourite haunts in a distant part of the park. At length the path led her from the deepest shade of the wood, and from the stream that had run singing merrily beside her all the way, to the banks of a pool without a ripple on its bosom, half in shadow, half in radiant sunshine. There was a strip of greenest turf beneath a cedar whose branches swept the ground for many yards about its stem, and there Mabel seated herself, and opening her book, was soon lost in Tasso's glorious vision of the Christian warriors before Jerusalem.

Mabel little suspected that she was not alone in that solitude, and that there were eyes watching with eagerness her every look and motion. A young man had for some time been concealed in the boughs on the opposite side of the pool, seeming to hesitate whether or not to discover himself. An opportunity now offered, and he was not slow to take advantage of it. Mabel had risen, and was bending over the water to reach a flower that had caught her wandering eye. The young man rushed forward to offer his assistance, and his sudden movement startling her, she lost her footing and fell into the pool. One glance at the sunny sky, one thought (even then) of her mother's picture, one half formed prayer for salvation in another world, a rushing sound as if the wings of the angel of death were hurrying towards her, and Mabel was senseless. But life was not extinct; and when consciousness returned, she heard a low, earnest voice exclaim,—  
"Thank God, I have saved her!"

She opened her eyes, and saw, bending over her, a stranger face, yet with an expression fonder, more anxious, than she had ever seen on any face before. Gradually she remembered all that had happened, and raising herself from the arm that supported her, thanked the stranger for having saved her life at the risk, as she said, of his own. He listened with apparent delight to her words, and, as she turned away to attempt to walk home, he said gently,—

"I fear, Miss Earnley, you overrate your strength. Do not think me presumptuous if I offer you my assistance in your walk homewards. Pray, do



not distress me," he added, as Mabel murmured something about troubling and detaining him. "Do not distress me by saying more of an act that I must ever think the happiest of my life."

He offered his arm as he spoke, and Mabel, weak and exhausted, the water still dripping from her garments, gladly accepted his assistance. As they made their way through the wood they said little; but more than once Mabel's heart beat at sight of the stranger's eyes fixed upon her with the same earnest and almost tender look that had greeted her return to consciousness. There was something so new to the forlorn girl in the differential bearing of the stranger, something so sweet in the flattery expressed by his manner, that Mabel felt strangely sad when their walk was ended; and, after a gentle pressure of her passive hand, he had left her at her father's door.

The next morning, after some hesitation, she bent her steps again to the banks of the pool; and as, with a beating heart, she approached the scene of her yesterday's adventure, she saw that the stranger was there before her. He started at sight of her, and in her confusion, she held out her hand, which he raised tenderly yet respectfully to his lips.

"I ought to apologise for this intrusion," he said; "but I could not resist my desire to revisit the scene of my happiness. Tell me that you forgive me!"

Mabel answered hurriedly, that, indebted as she was to him, he had no need to ask for forgiveness. Her companion then passed to a less agitating theme: he spoke first of the beauty of the wood that surrounded them, and of the sunny sky above; then he talked of books, leading Mabel to betray her favourite authors, and shewing his own intimate knowledge of the poets in whose works she most delighted. It was the first time Mabel had held intercourse with a mind that seemed in unison with her own, and her countenance glowed with the sense of sympathy, and her tongue grew eloquent as she uttered thoughts nursed in solitude, and till this hour unspoken. Time glided by unheeded in converse so delightful, and when at length her companion bade her farewell, she returned home with an undefined feeling of happiness such as she had hitherto never experienced.

From that day they met often, as if by tacit agreement. It was a joy to Mabel to escape from the companionship of her half-educated governess, to listen to the conversation of her eloquent yet mysterious friend. Sometimes they read some chosen volume together, sitting beneath the cedar, sometimes they wandered about the wood; however it might be, the time Mabel passed with the stranger was the happiest of her existence. She had no thought of deceit, but none cared for her sufficiently to inquire whither she went; and reserve had become so habitual to her, that she would never have dreamed of volunteering any information as to her actions, under a conviction that all regarded her with entire indifference.

Matters had gone on in this way for about two months, at the time we have chosen for the opening of our story. Mabel had risen early, as usual, to pursue her walk by the ruined chapel, across the wooden bridge, and along the boundary stream through the wood to the cedar-pool. But as she passed the chapel, a well-known voice called her by her name, and in another moment her mysterious friend stood before her. She looked at him with surprise, and saw traces of agitation on his features, so she suffered him to lead her into the chapel, and to seat himself beside her on a mossy stone, that years ago had fallen from the roof, while she tremblingly awaited some explanation of his conduct.

"Mabel Earnley," he said, with emotion, "my dream of joy is over, and we must part!"

Mabel started, and turned pale.

"Yes, Mabel, we must part for years. Will you forget me?"

"Never, never!" said Mabel, weeping. "The desolate cannot forget."

"You are a child in years, Mabel," said the young man, "but in heart and understanding you are more than woman. Listen to me, dearest. I have loved you from the moment when you lay lifeless in my arms beside that quiet pool, where we have since passed so many blessed hours. I know no happiness but in your presence; it is death to me to leave you. Mabel! my adored Mabel! tell me, can you understand love like this?"

Mabel answered not, but her tears fell thick and fast.

"Mabel," he continued, "I am poor helpless now, I will return to you rich and powerful. Say only that you love me, and I shall have strength to overcome every obstacle in my path."

"What shall I do?" cried Mabel, bitterly, at length. "None have cared for me but you, and you desert me!"

"It must be so, dearest; but we shall not be sundered in spirit. I will write to you often. My thoughts will be with you every day, every hour. I shall see you wandering where we have been so happy, day after day, silent and alone, with none to care for you, none to understand the depth and beauty of your noble spirit. Your books will lose their charm, for they will but remind you how utterly you are alone, remembering, as you will do, how we have read them together, with the sweet summer sun shining in the blue sky above us, and the breeze shaking sweet music from the cedar boughs, and our two hearts, dear, dear Mabel! thinking the same thoughts, and feeling the same emotions."

Mabel felt the truth of the picture he had drawn, and shuddered with dread of that dreary future.

"Do not forsake me!" she exclaimed, with clasped hands and beseeching eyes. "Do not leave me again to my weary solitude. Why can we not be as we have been?"

He shook his head.

"Truly, Mabel, you know nothing of the things of this world. I have told you I am poor; but I have now obtained a situation in a far country, where I may acquire wealth and credit. When I return you will be of age, you will have a right to choose for yourself; and, oh Mabel! will you not then reward my deep love? Will you not then leave your life of melancholy splendour, and share my humbler home? Will you not be my own—the darling of my fireside—the wife of my bosom?"

She trembled violently, and he felt her hand grow cold as ice as it lay passively in his. He feared he had gone too far.

"Speak, dear one!" he said, "give me some hope."

"I cannot," faltered Mabel. "I am but a child—I have no right—"

He interrupted her.

"You know, Mabel, I use no idle boast when I say I value my life as nothing in comparison with yours; and does not such love deserve some return? I have startled you, love. Your heart is as yet an unknown world to you. Let me be your guide into its mysteries. Why these bitter tears, this cruel sorrow, Mabel, if you love me not? Yes, dearest, yes! that young heart is mine!"

Bewildered and stunned, conscious of an overwhelming regret at the prospect of his departure, Mabel thought his words were true; and she suffered him to throw his arm around her, and pour into her ear promises of future happiness, and vows of unalterable devotion. After a while his voice and manner deepened into reverential seriousness, and he almost whispered,—

"Mabel, this place was hallowed of old to the service of God; these crumbling walls have re-echoed to the solemn voice of prayer; and that which has once been holy is holy for ever, even in decay."

As he spoke he rose and drew her towards the eastern end of the building, where still lay the fragments of what had once been the altar.

"Here," he continued, "holy men of old vowed themselves to poverty and humiliation; hence, day after day, and night after night, their orisons rose to Heaven; and here, when death had overtaken them, their corpse was laid, before the brethren consigned it to its earthly abode. And here, Mabel—here, in this holy place, will I kneel, with your dear hand in mine" (and he threw himself on his knees as he spoke, retaining her hand in his, in spite of her efforts to withdraw it), "and here I will swear by all I hold most sacred, to love none but you, to be faithful to you through time, and change, and sorrow, and to return, as soon as we both are free, to claim you as my wife—so help me, God!"

There was a pause, for Mabel was awed and terrified by the solemnity of his words. Her companion turned towards her his agitated face, and said, in a tone of earnest entreaty,—

"Can you make me no promise, Mabel! Are you so happy that you will forget your only friend? Will you not bind yourself to one whose whole soul is yours? Mabel, my Mabel! who will love you when I am gone?"

She knew not what she did; but by a sudden impulse, prompted by gratitude and sorrow, she knelt beside him, and repeated after him the vow which he dictated,—binding herself, whenever he should return, to become his wife. As the last word fell from her lips she sank fainting on the turf. He carried her to the side of the stream, bathed her temples, and had the satisfaction of seeing her revive. Then (unwilling to weaken the effect of the late agitating scene), as soon as he saw she was sufficiently recovered to walk home, he touched her forehead with his lips, and disappeared.

#### CHAPTER II.

In the midst of the little town of Longdale, some three miles from the manor-house, stood the residence of Mr. John Smith, the attorney. It was built of the brightest red bricks, its shutters and door were of vivid green, and its knocker was of polished brass. Every window (and there were no less than fourteen in the front, for it was a house of some pretension) had its muslin blind; excepting, indeed, the two to the right of the door, whose shutters were carefully closed, for these were the windows of the best room, and the light was seldom admitted there, lest it should dim the brightness of the gaudy chintz and yet more gaudy carpet.

In the morning that witnessed the parting of Mabel and her mysterious lover, Mr. John Smith and his wife were seated at breakfast in their ordinary eating-room. The former was a short, yet portly personage, with ruddy complexion, bald head, and as little expression in his vulgar features as could well fall to the lot of any human face. His wife was tall and dark, with a keen and restless eye, and a determined rigidity about the mouth that might have betrayed to a stranger the love of rule to which her husband had been a victim for a quarter of a century. While Mr. Smith sipped his tea and read his favourite newspaper with the utmost complacency, his wife's eyes wandered restlessly to the window, and at last she said, with impatience,—

"You are very amusing, I'm sure, Mr. Smith, sitting there smiling over your paper. You might have some feeling for me to-day, at least."

"Indeed, my dear!" replied the husband, meekly, laying aside his paper, and pushing up his silver-rimmed spectacles; "indeed, my dear, I am ready to feel whatever you please."

"Pshaw, Mr. Smith! you know Tom leaves us to-day, and surely you have some affection for your only child."

"Certainly, my dear. Where is he?"

"Taking his usual early walk, I suppose."

"He has grown wonderfully fond of walking. I hope he will take as kindly to working," said Mr. Smith, with a melancholy attempt at facetiousness; then, perceiving no answering smile on his wife's face, he resumed, more gravely, "I am sure I do not begrudge him all that we have done for him; but we have sacrificed much for his sake, and it is but fair we should look for some return."

He spoke the truth, they had sacrificed much for their only child. Father and mother had dwelt, uncomplainingly, for years in a small lodging, that they might afford their son an university education, and place him on an equality, in point of money, with his associates at college. They had only moved into their present dwelling when the young man left Cambridge, and returned to them to act as his father's clerk until some situation was found for him that might afford a better field for the display or really superior abilities. A former acquaintance of Mr. Smith's had offered to send the young man to the West Indies, to take charge of his estates, with a salary of £300 a-year, and the proposal was thankfully accepted.

"I hope Tom will do well in his new situation," said Mrs. Smith, with a sigh.

"I hope so, my dear."

"At least it is a good beginning, and may lead to something better. Don't you think so, Mr. Smith?"

"It is a very good beginning, indeed, my dear," replied the attorney.

"It is a hard thing, too, to part with one's only child," observed the mother.

"A very hard thing," echoed Mr. Smith.

"Really," exclaimed the lady. "I believe you have no feeling, Mr. Smith. If you can only repeat my words like a stupid parrot, you had better take your paper again!"

The imperturbable husband readjusted his spectacles and resumed his paper in silence, while the irate lady pushed aside her plate and once more glanced anxiously from the window. But there was nothing in sight except the greengrocer's cart, waiting at the opposite door, the donkey shaking his long ears in the sun, while his master enjoyed a chat with the cook; so Mrs. Smith turned pettishly away, and began to pace up and down the room. But her manœuvres failed to attract the attention of her husband, who continued reading quietly till she was provoked to exclaim, bursting into tears of vexation,—

"Well, indeed, Mr. Smith, it would provoke a saint to see you there! Any man of common feeling would shew some kindness to-day. You know my



heart is ready to break to think of parting with Tom; but I believe you would not mind if I was lying dead at your feet, as long as you could have that nasty paper!"

Mr. Smith sighed, and began.—

"Indeed, my dear——"

But he was interrupted by an exclamation from the lady, declaring that Tom himself was coming; and, in another moment, the door opened, and the young man entered,—Tom Smith, the attorney's clerk, the lover of Mabel Earnley!

Mr. Smith shook hands with his son, and soon left the room; for, in spite of the seeming coldness of his temperament, he had a kind heart, and was too full of sorrow at the thought of the parting which was to take place that day to bear to join in conversation. The mother hastily prepared her son's breakfast, and then sat as if awaiting some communication from him.

"Well," she exclaimed at last, "will you not tell me? Is it all right?"

"All right, mother: I hardly see how it could be better."

"You are not married, Tom?"

"Nonsense, mother! your thoughts always run too fast. I have bound her by a solemn vow to be mine, and never to listen to any proposition for her marriage with another. She is a creature of strange simplicity and ignorance of the world, and the circumstances under which this vow was made will make it as binding as if she were indeed my wife."

"And when will you claim her promise?"

"It is useless till she is of age. She will then, I find, come into the possession of considerable property, over which her father has no control. Besides, that sickly boy has no chance of living many years, and, through the land is entailed, who knows what Sir William may do for his only child?"

"Nothing risk, nothing have," Tom as the proverb says; and that pretty girl is worth a venture for her own sake; but I confess I should feel easier if you were not going out of England."

"Ah, mother, you do not know Mabel as I do! There is plenty of latent energy in her character, and I know no one less likely to submit to dictation where her affections are concerned. Her father has never attempted to exercise, or even to gain, any influence over her; and, should any occasion arrive in which he may take it into his head to command, he may meet with resistance such as he little expects."

"And she has really promised to be your wife, without knowing who or what you are! I can only say she must be very daring, or almost incredibly simple. And yet," added the proud mother, as her eye dwelt on the handsome features of her son, "I cannot wonder at her conduct after all."

"She is but a child," he said, rather giving utterance to his own thoughts than addressing his auditor; "She is but a child in years; yet a true, earnest-hearted child; unpractised in falsehood, and credulous, because her own intentions are pure and upright; and she dreams not of deceit in others. My voracious taste in literature has stood me in good stead with her; and I fear me I shall many a time, under a tropical sun, sigh for the cool freshness of the cedar-pool and the fair face of the sweet child, Mabel Earnley!"

But we will not further betray the confidential intercourse of mother and son, except to say that Mrs. Smith promised to convey her son's letters to Mabel, without giving the young lady the slightest clue by which to discover his name or real position in society. About mid-day the London coach stopped before Mr. Smith's door, and the accomplished heir of the family, after a tender parting with his parents, took his seat beside the coachman, and was whirled rapidly from his native place, turning back often to gaze upon the receding woods of the manor-house, till a fir-clad hill shut them from his sight.—[*To be continued.*]

## TRAVELS IN WESTERN AFRICA IN 1845 AND 1846.

BY JOHN DUNCAN.

The writer of these travels is a Scotchman of humble parentage; who, having an early predilection for a military life, enlisted in 1822 in the first regiment of Life Guards,—and in the hours not devoted to his military duties, applied himself to draughtsmanship, painting, and mechanics. After sixteen years' service, he obtained his discharge and the appointment of master-at-arms in the late expedition to the Niger. Of more than three hundred men engaged in that unfortunate enterprise, not more than five escaped; and on his arrival at Fernando Po, our adventurer was himself seriously attacked with fever. He had been previously wounded in the leg at the Cape de Verd Islands by a poisoned arrow thrown at him by one of the natives. This wound the fever so seriously affected that gangrene commenced,—and was only checked by a powerful acid that destroyed the part affected. Fortunately, our author was spared the necessity of having his leg amputated; and nothing daunted by the dangers which he had suffered, on his return to England he made an offer of his services to the Royal Geographical Society to proceed to Africa and penetrate to the Kong Mountains from the West Coast. The Society provided him with the necessary instruments and instructions, and the Lords of Admiralty gave him a free passage to Cape Coast. These volumes present the narrative of his journey; the country which he traversed having been hitherto untrod by any European traveller—and reaching as far as 13° 6' north latitude and 1° 3' east longitude.

This account prepares us for a sensible and carefully written book; nor has our expectation been disappointed.

Arrived on board the Prometheus steamer at Cape Coast, Mr. Duncan was again attacked with fever; but on his recovery made many interesting observations on the natives and the fetish of the Fantees. He speaks highly of King Agray; and wonders at the neglect of him by England while so much attention is lavished on the villainous King of Ashantee. No human sacrifices are offered up at Cape Coast, as at Ashantee; but civilization in other respects is at the lowest ebb. About thirteen miles distant is the town of Annamaboe; where there is a good fort, the gate of which the Ashantees in their attack in 1817 attempted to blow up. The state of slavery among the Caboceers is not oppressive—their condition, Mr. Duncan says, is superior to that of our English peasantry. But the only evidence of enterprise in the neighbourhood is a good road for about ten or twelve miles in the interior, made at the expense of a native merchant named Barns. Mr. Duncan visited the kroons (villages) along the coast; and a tradition of one of these—Cromantine—he thus relates:—

"In Cromantine there exists a tradition, or rather a tale, to deceive strangers, that they have still in their possession a male child who has existed ever since the beginning of the world. This child, they declare, neither eats, drinks, nor partakes of any nourishment, yet still continues in a state of childhood. When I laughed at this absurd tale, it somewhat offended my friend Mr. Brewe, who declared that he himself and his father had actually seen this in-

fant. I therefore expressed a wish to see this extraordinary child; and during the half hour which was required to prepare him for the visit, we were admitted into their fetish-house, or temple, in the corner of which was seated in a chair a little clay figure of the god whom they invoke or threaten, according to circumstances. In the same house, leaning against the wall, was the hollow trunk of a cocoa-nut tree, chalked over with white spots. This they told us was sent down to them from heaven, and was preserved here as a proof that their fetish lives for them. When I reproved their folly in believing such tales, they seemed quite astonished and incensed, especially the old fetish-woman, a priestess, who at times extorts great sums for the preparation of certain charms, supposed to be very potent. When a man is sick, his relations send for the fetish-man, who, if the party is found to be very anxious respecting the sick man, generally makes a heavy charge, in addition to a gallon of rum to drink success to the fetish; and he very frequently orders a few bottles of rum to be buried up to the neck in the ground in different places, which the god is supposed to take as a fee for his favours to the sick man. If he should die, the fetish-man assures his relatives that the favour of the god was not to be gained by so small a quantity of rum. Such is the abject superstition prevalent on this coast."

Mr. Duncan, resolved on seeing the Wonderful Child, made forcible way to his alleged residence:—

"On entering through a very narrow door or gateway, into a circle of about twenty yards diameter, fenced round by a close paling, and covered outside with long grass, about nine feet high (so that nothing within could be seen), the first and only thing was an old woman, whom, but for her size and sex, I should have taken for the mysterious being, resident there from the time of the Creation. She certainly was the most disgusting and loathsome being I ever beheld. She had no covering on her person (like all the other natives of this place) with the exception of a small piece of dirty cloth round her loins. Her skin was deeply wrinkled and extremely dirty, with scarcely any flesh on her bones. Her breasts hung halfway down her body, and she had all the appearance of extreme old age. This ancient woman was the supposed nurse of the everlasting child. On my entering the yard, this old fetish-woman (for such was her high style and title) stepped before me, making the most hideous gestures ever witnessed, and endeavoring to drive me out, that I might be prevented from entering into the god's house; but in spite of all her movements I pushed her aside, and forced my way into the house. Its outward appearance was that of a cone, or extinguisher, standing in the centre of the enclosure. It was formed by long poles placed triangularly, and thatched with long grass. Inside of it I found a clay bench in the form of a chair. Its tenant was absent, and the old woman pretended that she had, by her magic, caused him to disappear. On my return I found my friends anxiously awaiting for me, dreading lest something awful might have happened to me; and the townspeople seemed quite in a fury. They did not, however, dare to attack me, for they are great cowards when the least determination or spirit of resistance is shown. They are so superstitious that not one individual would venture over the threshold of the holy house, without the permission of the old nurse. When I explained to the multitude the nature of the trick practised by the old woman, they were greatly incensed. There can be no doubt that some neighbour's child is borrowed whenever strangers wish to see this wonderful infant; and when dressed up and disguised by various colours of clay, it is exhibited as the divine and wonderful child. The natives are so credulous, that a fetish-man or woman has no difficulty in making them believe anything, however extravagant."

The moral character of the native African may be estimated from that of his superstition. According to Mr. Duncan, he is wanting in affection, domestic duty, friendship and fine feeling. He is a polygamist; and purchases his wives from their parents, and sells them again to the highest bidder, without consulting themselves. Take our author's account of a Mr. Lawson, at Accra, and his Fantee Family.

"He is a little old man, much under the middle size, a jet black, with round shoulders, or bordering more upon the buffalo or hump-back. He very graciously condescended to introduce us to two of his favorite wives, of extraordinary dimensions, for circumference of body is here considered a principal mark of beauty. They were seated facing us, on the opposite side of the room, the old man seating himself by our side. With one of his best grins, he pointed out the two huge flesh mountains as his wives, upon which they seemed much gratified. Each damsel had on her wrist a pair of large solid silver bracelets, weighing about half a pound each, very plain, and similar to those worn by the convicts in the dock-yards in England. The ladies seemed about twenty-four years of age; while their old matrimonial partner, very much resembling a monkey, was about seventy. \* \* Mr. Lawson's two sons are living in the next house to their father, and carry on a trade in all sorts of goods of British manufacture, which are exchanged for palm-oil and ivory. Their houses are good, and in every way arranged to imitate our English style. They also enjoy every luxury which can be procured from European nations, as well as those of their own country. They are very kind and hospitable in their own houses to those with whom they are acquainted, but they are very deceitful and treacherous in their character. If an English man of war or merchantman is in the offing or in the roads, the old man acknowledges the British flag, but the moment the flag of another nation is displayed, he, like the Vicar of Bray, acknowledges that also. \* \* The old man professes great attachment for the English, and even pretends to give our naval officers information respecting the slave-trade, but it is needless to say that it is always false, as he is one of the most notorious slave-dealers on the coast himself; although I believe that it is not generally known in England that he is at all concerned in that traffic. This statement, however, may be relied upon, as I am writing from ocular demonstration, as well as from authentic information, to a much greater extent than even fell under my own observation. I have also obtained information which may very probably lead to implicate one in this abominable traffic who is little suspected, and whose duty, according to British law, it is to suppress this trade. But I shall, after obtaining more information with regard to the conduct of this individual, write fully upon this subject. \* \* Mr. Lawson, owing to his great wealth acquired by the slave-trade, is acknowledged by the inhabitants as the leading man of Popoe, although they have a caboceer, or dootay, who is acknowledged as hereditary chief magistrate or ruler; for when Mr. Lawson interferes, the opinion or order of the caboceer is disregarded."

Whydah is a place well cultivated by people returned from the Brazils—many of them driven away on account of the attempted revolution among the slaves.

"These people are generally from the Foolah and Eya countries. Many, it appears, were taken away at the age of twenty or twenty-four years, consequently they can give a full account of their route to Badagry, where they



were shipped. They are by far the most industrious people I have found. Several very fine farms, about six or seven miles from Whydah, are in a high state of cultivation. The houses are clean and comfortable, and are situated in some of the most beautiful spots that imagination can picture. It is truly gratifying to find unexpectedly a house where you are welcomed in European fashion, and asked to take refreshment. I invariably found upon inquiry that all these people had been slaves. This would seem to prove that to this country slavery is not without its good as well as bad effects. There is another class of colonists, emancipated slaves from Sierra Leone, who emigrated to Whydah with the intention of farming; but they are inferior in that science to the former class. Though most of them can read and write a little, unfortunately the male portion of them appear nearly as indolent as the uncivilized native; notwithstanding that the King of Dahomey has afforded them every encouragement, by making them gratuitous grants of land on which they have built a small town. Immediately adjoining, is their cultivated land, which is little more than sufficient to meet their own consumption; but this is chiefly owing to the jealousy of the great slave merchants, who use their combined influence to keep their produce out of the market. There is consequently little stimulus to exertion in agriculture. Through some means these colonists had been informed that I had come to Whydah to establish a model farm; and I was consequently waited upon by their headman, accompanied by several of his people, at the English Fort. They offered to give up to me all the cultivated land belonging to their settlement, upon condition of my affording them employment on the farm when labour was required, as they said that their united efforts, under a proper leader, would be worthy the attention of some of the European merchants trading on that coast. They all seemed much disappointed when I told them that I was not in a position to accept their proposal. They derive support chiefly from the females, who are during the season employed in the bush collecting palm-nuts for making oil, for which a market can always be found. Several are also engaged in washing, which they obtain from European slave-agents, who are numerous here. I had during my residence in this place a servant as interpreter, one of those colonists, who had himself been a slave, but had been captured by a British cruiser while on his passage to Brazil, and carried to Sierra Leone, and there educated. He afterwards emigrated to Understone or Abbakuta—that saintly place of so many converts—and commenced slave-dealing. While on his passage, on board a slaver, he was again captured with several slaves in his possession. The slaves were carried to Sierra Leone; but he himself was with the crew of the slaver put on shore at Whydah, where he is now a resident in the above settlement of liberated Africans from Sierra Leone. He now practices as a quack doctor, and his wife as a fetish-woman. I believe this is only one of many instances where emigrants from Sierra Leone to Abbakuta, who on being liberated from slavery themselves, have commenced the same traffic. In spite of what has been said of the moral condition of the last-named settlement, agriculture, commerce, and industry, in my opinion, will be the only permanent means to improve and moralize the people."

The manners of the court of the King of Dahomey are sufficiently curious—and among its other barbarities, are troops of female soldiers. Some account of these Amazons and their evolutions may amuse our readers:—

"After all the ceremony of compliments and boasting of valour is gone through, the officers fall in, and the whole regiment sing a song in compliment to the King. After that any individual who chooses is allowed to step to the front, and declare her fidelity to his Majesty, and as soon as one retires, another takes her place, so that the ceremony becomes irksome. Sometimes the ceremony of one regiment passing occupying three hours. After all is over the whole of the regiment kneel down, with the butt of their muskets on the ground and the barrel slanting back over the shoulder, and with both hands scrape up the dust and cover themselves with it. The dust being of a light red colour, gives them a very singular appearance. Many have their heads entirely shaved, except a tuft resembling a cockade; others only shave a breadth of two inches from the forehead to the poll. After this ceremony they all rise up from the stooping position, still on their knees, but body otherwise erect, and poising their muskets horizontally on their two hands, all join in a general hurrah. Suddenly then they rise up, throwing the musket sharply into one hand, holding it high in the air, at the same time giving another hurrah. The whole then shoulder muskets, and run off at full speed. Each individual runs as fast as she is able, so that it is a race with the whole regiment of six hundred women. It would surprise a European to see the speed of these women, although they carry a long Danish musket and short sword each, as well as a sort of club. It may be well to give some account of the dress and equipments of these amazons. They wear a blue and white striped cotton surcoat, the stripes about one-and-a-half inch wide, of stout native manufacture, without sleeves, leaving freedom for the arms. The skirt or tunic reaches as low as the kilt of the Highlanders. A pair of short trowsers is worn underneath, reaching two inches below the knee. The cartouche-box, or *agbada*, forms a girdle, and keeps all their dress snug and close. The cartouche-box contains twenty cartridges, about four times the quantity of that used in England, owing to the inferiority of the powder. It is very conveniently placed, being girdled round the loins. The powder and ball, however, is not attached: the powder being in a small leather cup, fitted inside of another, and taken out and emptied into the gun, without any wadding of any description. It consequently loses much of its power, the ball or slugs being thrown in loosely, and fired off more by chance than judgment. However, upon the whole, these women make a very imposing appearance, and are very active. From their constant exercise of body (for the women in all cases do the principal part of both domestic and agricultural labours here as well as at all other places,) they are capable of enduring much fatigue. Next came the King's second son's female soldiers, from a part called Kakagee's country, in consequence of having the government of that country. These soldiers, about six hundred, went through the same ceremony as the others. His Majesty always anxiously explained everything to me, and sent to the palace for paper for me to take notes upon. During the day about six thousand women-soldiers passed successively before the King, who frequently introduced the principal officers of this corps to me, relating their achievements. This seemed to give them great satisfaction. Amongst them, he introduced me to one of his principal wives, a stout, noble-looking woman, of a light brown complexion. She commanded the whole of the King's wives, who are all soldiers, amounting to six hundred, present on this occasion. The King introduced her to me as my mother. I was for some time at a loss to comprehend the meaning of this, but soon found that his Majesty had appointed this favourite wife to furnish all English or white men with provisions during their sojourn in this country. The term mother is, in many cases, misapplied in Abomey; for instance, if a man has a wife, or a number of them, they are called mothers, no one being allowed to call them wives but the King.

My inquiries relative to the meaning of this were often erroneously answered, till I observed an old man, whose name was given me, and soon after a young woman was pointed out to me as his mother, though the woman was at least twenty-five years younger than her supposed son. Owing to this, I was very incredulous, telling my informant that he must be mistaken. It may appear singular in a civilized part of the world, to learn that no distinction is made in the term mother between the wife and real mother. After introducing me to a number of his chiefs or captains, some of whom are very fine well-built men, the King informed me that I had better go home, as it was now getting dusk. After drinking again with his Majesty, I retired to my house, where I was visited by many of the principal people of Dahomey, and also received the canes of a great many Spaniards and Portuguese (as they call themselves), liberated slaves from Whydah, and who were here attending the custom, or holiday."

Skirmishes are frequent between the Dahomans and the Mahees—a people inhabiting a country about six days' journey to the northward of Dahomey—in which encounters these Amazons do good service. The Kong Mountains are in the Mahee country. The inhabitants never think of reserving any of their corn or other produce as stores; so that they invariably become an easy prey, though they can raise four crops in the year. The Mahees use the bow and arrow;—the King of Dahomey forbidding the transport of fire-arms through his kingdom from the coast. On gaining the top of one of these mountains, our traveller discovered in a sort of hollow or basin on one side of the dome-shaped summit the remains, apparently, of a large town.

"This place was truly the picture of desolation, and the ravages of war and famine presented themselves on all sides. Hundreds of human skulls, of different sizes, were still to be seen; as also the skulls of sheep, goats, and oxen. No doubt the latter named animals had been used as food by the people whose remains we saw around us, the greater part of whom had been starved to death rather than surrender. Many of the soldiers of my guard had been on service during this siege, and described the scene on ascending as of the most awful description. The bodies of the dead in a putrid state were, it appears, mixed with those who were still alive, but unable to move; many were wounded with bullets, whose limbs were rotting off and covered with vermin; and the air was so pestiferous, that many of the Dahomans died from its effects. The vultures tore the bodies of the poor wounded people, even while they were yet alive. In many of the small fissures I observed the remains of various quadrupeds, together with human bones, very probably carried there by the vulture or eagle, also natives of this mountain, as well as the common fox, the panther, and large hyena, or patakoo, the name given to it by the natives."

The battles between these people seem indeed to be of an exceedingly destructive character. Mr. Duncan calculates that during the seven months' war in Gbowelley and the neighbouring mountains to the eastward no fewer than forty thousand men must have perished. Our author's description of the Mountain of Zoglogbo must be cited.

"The passage up the side of the mountain is so narrow as only to admit of one man passing at a time, and very steep and difficult, on account of the many blocks of stone which impede the ascent. It would have been impossible for me to ascend with my shoes on, had not the old caboceer of the mountain walked in front and given me his hand, and another person pushed at my back, as occasion required. After a somewhat toilsome though romantic journey, we arrived at the gates of the town, which were of very thick planks of seven inches, strongly barred with iron. After passing the gates, the path was much easier and not so steep, from the fissure not being filled so high, so that the top of the fissure was far above the head, apparently above twenty yards. After passing a little distance farther, we came upon the town, which is situated in a basin, or crater, formed in the centre of the top of the mountain. Round the outer edge of this immense basin are thrown tremendous blocks of various sizes, underneath which many houses are built. Although these blocks are placed on each other in such a tottering position, the houses in the centre of the town are erected with considerable taste and regularity. The residences of the principal merchants and influential members of the town are built in the form of squares or quadrangles, which are occupied by their wives, which are frequently very numerous, as well as their families. Their slaves also occupy a part of the buildings, and are treated as well as their own families. Indeed, as I have already observed, they work together in cultivating the fields, or any other domestic employment. The caboceer led us to a tolerably good house, with every necessary utensil for our use. Many presents of various descriptions were brought to me—the old caboceer seeming much pleased at the kindness of his people to the King's stranger. His own kindness and attention were unbounded, as well as those of his principal attendant, a young man of rank from Dahomey, and the handsomest and most intelligent African I had ever met. The King of Dahomey displays great sagacity in sending Dahomans to the frontiers between the Mahees, Yarriba, and Fellatahs. These men, although acting as principal attendants to chiefs or caboceers of the subdued Mahees, are nothing more nor less than political spies—the upper rank of such persons preventing any combination or alliance dangerous to the power of the King of Dahomey, although generally the Mahees seem very much pleased with their present government and new laws."

Our readers have had sufficient indication of the kind of scene and life which these remote districts of central Africa present. We will not enter into any of the minute detail with which the volumes abound. The author obtained some information respecting the death of Mungo Park; for which, as for other important matters, the reader will do well to consult his work. There is in it but little of adventure—the writer appearing to have conducted his exploration with remarkable tact and good fortune.

## EDINBURGH CONVIVIALIA.

A GLIMPSE AT PAST TIMES.

Tavern dissipation, now so rare amongst the respectable classes of the community, formerly prevailed in Edinburgh to an incredible extent, and engrossed the leisure hours of all professional men, scarcely excepting even the most stern and dignified. No rank, class, or profession, indeed, formed an exception to this rule. Nothing was so common in the morning as to meet men of high and official dignity reeling home from a close in the High Street, where they had spent the night in drinking. Nor was it unusual to find two or three of his majesty's most honourable Lords of Council and Session mounting the bench in the forenoon in a capricious state. A gentleman one night stepping into Johnnie Dowie's, opened a side door, and looking into the room, saw a sort of agger or heap of snoring lads upon the floor, illumined by the gleams of an expiring candle. "Wha may thae be, Mr. Dowie?" inquired the visitor. "Oh," quoth John, in his usual quiet way, "just twa-three o' Sir Willie's drunken clerks!"—meaning the young gentlemen employed in Sir William.



Forbes's banking-house, whom, of all earthly mortals, one would have expected to be observers of the decencies.

To this testimony may be added that of all published works descriptive of Edinburgh during the last century. Even in the preceding century, if we are to believe Taylor the Water-poet, there was no superabundance of sobriety in the town. 'The worst thing,' says that sly humorist in his (1623), 'was, that wine and ale were so scarce, and the people such misers of it, that every night, before I went to bed, if any man had asked me a civil question, all the wit in my head could not have made him a sober answer.'

The *Journal* of a Scottish judge of the beginning of the last century, which I have perused, presents a striking picture of the habits of men of business in that age. Hardly a night passes without some expense being incurred at taverns, not always of very good fame, where his lordship's associates on the bench were his boon companions in the debauch. One is at a loss to understand how men who drugged their understandings so habitually, could possess any share of vital faculty for the consideration or transaction of business, or how they contrived to make a decent appearance in the hours of duty. But however difficult to be accounted for, there seems no room to doubt that deep drinking was compatible in many instances with good business talents, and even application. Many living men connected with the Court of Session can yet look back to a juvenile period of their lives, when some of the ablest advocates and most esteemed judges were noted for their convivial habits. For example, a famous counsel named Hay, who became a judge under the designation of Lord Newton, was equally remarkable as a Bacchanal and as a lawyer. He considered himself as only the better fitted for business, that he had previously imbibed six bottles of claret; and one of his clerks afterwards declared that the best paper he ever knew his lordship dictate, was done after a debauch where that amount of liquor had fallen to his share. It was of him that the famous story is told of a client calling for him one day at four o'clock, and being surprised to find him at dinner; when, on the client saying to the servant that he had understood five to be Mr. Hay's dinner hour, 'Oh but, sir,' said the man, 'it is his yesterday's dinner!' M. Simmond, who, in 1811, published a 'Tour in Scotland,' mentions his surprise on stepping one morning into the Parliament House to find, in the dignified capacity of a judge, and displaying all the gravity suitable to the character, the very gentleman with whom he had spent most of the preceding night in a fierce debauch. This judge was Lord Newton.

Contemporary with this learned lord was another of marvellous powers of drollery, of whom it is told, as a fact too notorious at the time to be concealed, that he was one Sunday morning, not long before church-time, found asleep amongst the paraphernalia of the sweeps, in a shed appropriated to the keeping of these articles, at the end of the Town-Guard-house in the High Street. His lordship, in staggering homeward alone from a tavern during the night, had tumbled into this place, where consciousness did not revisit him till next day. Of another group of clever, but over-convivial lawyers of that age, it is related that, having set to wine and cards on a Saturday evening, they were so cheated out of all sense of time, that the night passed before they thought of separating. Unless they are greatly belied, the people passing along Picardy Place next forenoon, on their way to church, were perplexed by seeing a door open, and three gentlemen issue forth, in all the disorder to be expected after a night of drunken vigils, while a fourth, in his dressing-gown, held the door in one hand and a lighted candle in the other, by way of showing them out!

Wine and business seem to have inextricably mingled in those days. Blackstone, as we all know, wrote his 'Commentaries' over port, and Sheridan his plays over sherry. There still lives (1847) a distinguished lawyer of the last century, and judge of the present, but now in retirement, who tells that, having one evening a hard case to master, he retired to his room, arranged his papers, and, by way of following an approved recipe of his day, caused a bottle of port, and another of sherry, to be placed for marginal reference beside them. The case, contrary to his expectation, proved extremely interesting, inasmuch that he became wholly absorbed in it. Nevertheless, after a few hours had passed, he was sensible of a strange dimness of vision, as if something had gone wrong with either his eyes, his spectacles, or the candles. Having rubbed the first two, and topped the third, all without effect, he rose to take a walk through the room. After this, his lordship has no recollection of anything which occurred, till he awoke a few hours thereafter on the floor, upon which, it would appear, he had tumbled. What concern the couple of half-empty bottles upon the table had in bringing about this strange syncope, must be left to the ingenious imagination of the reader.

The *High Jinks* of Counsellor Pleydell, in 'Guy Mannering,' must have prepared many for these curious traits of a bypast age; and Scott has further illustrated the subject by telling, in his notes to that novel, an anecdote which he appears to have had upon excellent authority, respecting the elder President Dundas of Arnis-ton, father of Lord Melville. 'It had been thought very desirable, while that distinguished lawyer was king's counsel, that his assistance should be obtained in drawing up an appeal case, which, as occasion for such writings then rarely occurred, was held to be a matter of great nicety. The solicitor employed for the appellant, attended by my informant, acting as his clerk, went to the lord advocate's chambers in the Fishmarket Close, as I think. It was Saturday at noon, the court was just dismissed, the lord advocate had changed his dress, and booted himself, and his servant and horses were at the foot of the close, to carry him to Arnis-ton. It was scarcely possible to get him to listen to a word respecting business. The wily agent, however, on pretence of asking one or two questions, which would not detain him half an hour, drew his lordship, who was no less an eminent bon-vivant than a lawyer of unequalled talent, to take a whet at a celebrated tavern, when the learned counsel became gradually involved in a spirited discussion of the law points of the case. At length it occurred to him that he might as well ride to Arnis-ton in the cool of the evening. The horses were directed to be put into the stable, but not to be unsaddled. Dinner was ordered, the law was laid aside for a time, and the bottle circulated very freely. At nine o'clock at night, after he had been honouring Bacchus for so many hours, the lord advocate ordered his horses to be unsaddled—paper, pens, and ink, were brought—he began to dictate the appeal case, and continued at his task till four o'clock the next morning. By next day's post the solicitor sent the case to London—a chef-d'œuvre of its kind; and in which, my informant assured me, it was not necessary, on revision, to correct five words.'

It was not always that business and pleasure were so successfully united. It is related that an eminent lawyer, who was confined to his room by indisposition, having occasion for the attendance of his clerk at a late hour, in order to draw up a paper required on an emergency next morning, sent for and found him at his usual tavern. The man, though remarkable for the preservation of his faculties under severe application to the bottle, was on this night farther

gone than usual. He was able, however, to proceed to his master's bed-room, and there take his seat at the desk with the appearance of a sufficiently collected mind, so that the learded counsel, imagining nothing more wrong than usual, began to dictate from his couch. This went on for two or three hours, till, the business being finished, the barrister drew his curtain—to behold Jamie lost in a profound sleep upon the table, with the paper still in virgin whiteness before him!

One of the most notable jolly fellows of the last age was James Balfour, an accountant, usually called Singing Jamie Balfour, on account of his fascinating qualities as a vocalist. There used to be a portrait of him in the Leith Golf-house, representing him in the act of commencing the favourite song of 'When I ha'e a saxpence under my thoom,' with the suitable attitude, and a merriness of countenance justifying the traditional account of the man. Of Jacobite leanings, he is said to have sung 'The wee German lairdie,' 'Awa, Whig, awa,' and 'The sow's tail to Geordie,' with a degree of zest which there was no resisting.

Report speaks of this person as an amiable, upright, and able man; so clever in business matters, that he could do as much in one hour as another man in three; always eager to quench and arrest litigation, rather than to promote it; and consequently so much esteemed professionally, that he could get business whenever he chose to undertake it, which, however, he only did when he felt himself in need of money. Nature had given him a robust constitution, which enabled him to see out three sets of boon companions; but after all, gave way before he reached sixty. His custom, when anxious to repair the effects of intemperance, was to wash his head and hands in cold water; this, it is said, made him quite cool and collected almost immediately. Pleasure being so predominant an object in his life, it was thought surprising that at his death he was found in possession of some little money.

The powers of Balfour as a singer of the Scotch songs of all kinds, tender and humorous, are declared to have been marvellous; and he had a happy gift of suiting them to occasions. Being a great peacemaker, he would often accomplish his purpose, by introducing some ditty pat to the purpose, and thus dissolving all rancour in a hearty laugh. Like too many of our countrymen, he had a contempt for foreign music. One evening, in a company where an Italian vocalist of eminence was present, he professed to give a song in the manner of that country. Forth came a ridiculous cantata to the tune of Aiken Drum, beginning, 'There was a wife in Peebles,' which the wag executed with all the proper graces, shakes, and appoggiaturas, making his friends almost expire with suppressed laughter at the contrast between the style of singing and the ideas conveyed in the song. At the conclusion, their mirth was doubled by the foreigner saying very simply, 'De music be very fine, but I no understand de words.' A lady, who lived in the Parliament Close, told a friend of mine that she was wakened from her sleep one summer morning by a noise as of singing, when, going to the window to learn what was the matter, guess her surprise at seeing Jamie Balfour, and some of his boon companions (evidently fresh from their wonted orgies), singing 'The king shall enjoy his own again, on their knees, around King Charles's statue!' One of Balfour's favourite haunts was a humble kind of tavern called Jenny Ha's, opposite to Queensberry House, where, it is said, Gay had boused during his short stay in Edinburgh, and to which it was customary for gentlemen to adjourn from dinner parties, in order to indulge in claret from the but, free from the usual domestic restraints. Jamie's potations here were principally of what was called cappie ale—that is, ale in little wooden bowls—with wee thochts of brandy in it. But indeed no one could be less exclusive than he as to liquors. When he heard a bottle drawn in any house he happened to be in, and observed the cork to give an unusually smart report, he would call out, 'Lassie, gi'e me a glass o' that;' as knowing that, whatever it was, it must be good of its kind.

Sir Walter Scott says, in one of his droll little missives to his printer Balfantyne, 'When the press does not follow me, I get on slowly and ill, and put myself in mind of Jamie Balfour, who could run when he could not stand still.' He here alludes to a matter of fact, which the following anecdote will illustrate:—Jamie, in going home late from a debauch, happened to tumble into the pit formed for the foundation of a house in James's Square. A gentleman passing heard his complaint, and going up to the spot, was intreated by our hero to help him out. 'What would be the use of helping you out, said the by-passer, 'when you could not stand though you were out?' 'Very true, perhaps; yet if you help me up, I'll run you to the Tron Kirk for a bottle of claret.' Pleased with his humour, the gentleman placed him upon his feet, when instantly he set off for the Tron Church at a pace distancing all ordinary competition; and accordingly he won the race, though, at the conclusion, he had to sit down on the steps of the church, being quite unable to stand. After taking a minute or two to recover his breath—'Well, another race to Fortune's for another bottle of claret!' Off he went to the tavern in question, in the Stamp-office Close; and this bet he gained also. The claret, probably with continuations, was discussed in Fortune's; and the end of the story, is, that Balfour sent his new friend home in a chair, utterly done up, at an early hour in the morning.

It is hardly surprising that habits carried to such an extravagance amongst gentlemen should have in some small degree affected the fairer and purer part of creation also. It is an old story in Edinburgh, that three ladies had one night a merry-meeting in a tavern near the Cross, where they sat till a very late hour. Ascending at length to the street, they scarcely remembered where they were; but as it was good moonlight, they found little difficulty in walking along till they came to the Tron Church. Here, however, an obstacle occurred. The moon, shining high in the south, threw the shadow of the steeple directly across the street from the one side to the other; and the ladies, being no more clear-sighted than they were clear-headed, mistook this for a broad and rapid river, which they would require to cross before making further way. In this delusion, they sat down upon the brink of the imaginary stream, deliberately took off their shoes and stockings, kilted their lower garments, and proceeded to wade through to the opposite side; after which, resuming their shoes and stockings, they went on their way rejoicing, as before! Another anecdote (from an aged nobleman) exhibits the Bacchanalian powers of our ancestresses in a different light. During the rising of 1715, the officers of the crown in Edinburgh, having procured some important intelligence respecting the motions and intentions of the Jacobites, resolved upon despatching the same to London by a faithful courier. Of this the party whose interests would have been so materially affected got notice; and that evening, as the messenger (a man of rank) was going down the High Street, with the intention of mounting his horse in the Canongate, and immediately setting off, he met two tall handsome ladies, in full dress, and wearing black velvet masks, who accosted him with a very easy demeanour, and a winning sweetness of voice. Without hesitating as to the quality of these damsels, he instantly proposed to treat



them with a pint of claret at a neighbouring tavern; but they said that, instead of accepting his kindness, they were quite willing to treat him to his heart's content. They then adjointed to the tavern, and sitting down, the whole three drank plentifully, merrily, and long, so that the courier seemed at last to forget entirely the mission upon which he was sent. and the danger of the papers which he had about his person. After a pertinacious bebauch of several hours, the luckless messenger was at length fairly drunk under the table; and it is needless to add, that the fair nymphs then proceeded to strip him of his papers, decamped, and were no more heard of; though it is but justice to the Scottish ladies of that period to say, that the robbers were generally believed at the time to be young men disguised in women's clothes.

The custom which prevailed among ladies, as well as gentlemen, of resorting to what are called oyster-cellars, is in itself a striking indication of the state of manners during the last century. In winter, when the evening had set in, a party of the most fashionable people in town, collected by appointment, would adjourn in carriages to one of those abysses of darkness and comfort, called, in Edinburgh, laigh shops, where they proceeded to regale themselves with raw oysters and porter, arranged in huge dishes upon a coarse table, in a dingy room, lighted by tallow candles. The rudeness of the feast, and the vulgarity of the circumstances under which it took place, seems to have given a zest to its enjoyment, with which more refined banquets could not have been accompanied. One of the chief features of an oyster-cellar entertainment was, that full scope was given to the conversational powers of the company. Both ladies and gentlemen indulged, without restraint, in sallies the merriest and the wittiest; and a thousand remarks and jokes, which elsewhere would have been suppressed as improper, were here sanctioned by the oddity of the scene, and appreciated by the most dignified and refined. After the table was cleared of the oysters, and porter, it was customary to introduce brandy or rum punch—according to the pleasure of the ladies—after which dancing took place; and when the female part of the assemblage thought proper to retire, the gentlemen again sat down, or adjourned to another tavern, to crown the pleasures of the evening with an unlimited bebauch. It is not (1824) more than thirty years since the late Lord Melville, the Duchess of Gordon, and some other persons of distinction, who happened to meet in town after many years of absence, made up an oyster-cellar party, by way of a frolic, and devoted one winter evening to the revival of this almost forgotten entertainment of their youth.

It seems difficult to reconcile all these things with the staid and somewhat square-toed character which our country has obtained amongst her neighbours. The fact seems to be, that a kind of Laodicean principle is observable in Scotland, and we oscillate between a rigour of manners on the one hand, and a laxity on the other, which alternately acquire an apparent paramountcy. In the early part of the last century, rigour was in the ascendant; but not to the prevention of a respectable minority of the free and easy, who kept alive the flame of conviviality with no small degree of success. In the latter half of the century—a dissolute era all over civilised Europe—the minority became the majority, and the characteristic sobriety of the nation's manners was only traceable in certain portions of society. Now we are in a sober, perhaps tending to a rigorous, stage once more. In Edinburgh, seventy years ago, intemperance was the rule to such a degree, that exception could hardly be said to exist. Men appeared little in the drawing-room in those days; when they did, not unfrequently their company had better have been dispensed with. When a gentleman gave an entertainment, it was thought necessary that he should press the bottle as far as it could be made to go. A particularly good fellow would lock his outer-door, to prevent any guest of dyspeptic tendencies or sober inclinations from escaping. Some were so considerate as to provide shake-down beds for a general bivouac in a neighbouring apartment. When gentlemen were obliged to appear at assemblies where decency was enforced, they of course wore their best attire. This it was customary to change for something less liable to receive damage, ere going, as they usually did, to conclude the evening by a scene of conviviality. Drinking entered into everything. As Sir Alexander Boswell has observed—

'O'er draughts of wine the beau would moan his love,  
O'er draughts of wine the cit his bargain drove,  
O'er draughts of wine the writer penned the will,  
And legal wisdom counselled o'er a gill.'

This was the time when men, despising and neglecting the company of women, always so civilising in its influence, would yet half kill themselves with bumpers, in order, as the phrase went, to save them. Drinking to save the ladies is said to have originated with a catch club, which issued tickets for gratuitous concerts. Many tickets with the names of ladies being prepared, one was taken up, and the name announced. Any member present was at liberty to toast the health of this lady in a bumper, and this insured her ticket being reserved for her use. If no one came forward to honour her name in this manner, the lady's chance was considered to be lost, and her ticket was thrown under the table. Whether from this origin or not, the practice is said to have ultimately had the following form. One gentleman would give out the name of some lady as the most beautiful object in creation, and, by way of attesting what he said, drink one bumper. Another champion would then enter the field, and offer to prove that a certain other lady, whom he named, was a great deal more beautiful than she just mentioned—supporting his assertion by drinking two bumpers. Then the other would rise up, declare this to be false, and, in proof of his original statement, as well as by way of turning the scale upon his opponent, drink four bumpers. Not deterred or repressed by this, the second man would reiterate, and conclude by drinking as much as the challenger: who would again start up and drink eight bumpers; and so on, in geometrical progression, till one or other of the heroes fell under the table; when of course the fair Delia of the survivor was declared the queen supreme of beauty by all present. I have seen a sonnet addressed on the morning after such a scene of contention to the lady concerned, by the unsuccessful hero, whose brains appear to have been woefully muddled by the claret he had drunk in her behalf.

It was not merely in the evenings that taverns were then resorted to. There was a petty treat, called a 'meridian,' which no man of that day thought himself able to dispense with; and this was generally indulged in at a tavern. A could cock and a feather was the metaphorical mode of calling for a glass of brandy and a bunch of raisins, which was the favourite regale of many. Others took a glass of whisky; some few a lunch. Scott very amusingly describes, from his own observation, the manner in which the affair of the meridian was gone about by the writers and clerks belonging to the Parliament House. If their proceedings were watched, they might be seen to turn fidgety about the hour of noon, and exchange looks with each other from their separate desks, till at length some one of formal and dignified presence assumed the honour of leading the band; when away they went, threading the crowd like a string of

wild fowl, crossed the square or close, and following each other into the [John's] coffee house, drank the meridian, which was placed ready at the bar. This they did day by day; and though they did not speak to each other, they seemed to attach a certain degree of sociability to performing the ceremony in company.

All the shops in the town were then shut at eight o'clock; and from that hour till ten—when the drum of the Town Guard announced at once a sort of licence for the deluging of the streets with nuisances, and a warning of the inhabitants home to their beds—unrestrained scope was given to the delights of the table. No tradesman thought of going home to his family till after he had spent an hour or two at his club. This was universal and unfeeling. So lately as 1824, I knew something of an old-fashioned tradesman who at night shut his shop at eight o'clock, and then adjourned with two old friends who called upon him at that hour to a quiet old public-house on the opposite side of the way, where they each drank precisely one bottle of Edinburgh ale, ate precisely one halfpenny roll, and got upon their legs precisely at the first stroke of ten o'clock.

## ANIMAL INSTINCTS AND EXAMPLES OF SAGACITY.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

We need no introduction to the continuation of our interesting notices of animal instinct from Mr. Couch's close remarks and experiments.

"Those forms of love which take the condition of parental, fraternal, or sexual affection, may assuredly be said to elevate, and not degrade, the feeling of attachment, even in minds of the highest order. That the lower animals are capable of a similar mingling of refined feeling with instinctive passion, there are numerous instances to prove. Referring to the habits of the mandarin duck (a Chinese species), Mr. Bennet says, 'Mr. Beale's aviary afforded a singular corroboration of the fidelity of the birds in question. Of a pair in that gentleman's possession, the drake being one night porloined by some thieves, the unfortunate duck displayed the strongest marks of despair at her bereavement, retiring into a corner, and altogether neglecting food and drink, as well as the care of her person. In this condition she was courted by a drake who had lost his mate, but who met with no encouragement from the widow. On the stolen drake being subsequently recovered and restored to the aviary, the most extravagant demonstrations of joy were displayed by the fond couple. But this was not all: for, as if informed by his spouse of the gallant proposals made to her shortly before his arrival, the drake attacked the luckless bird who would have supplanted him, beat out his eyes, and inflicted so many injuries as to cause his death.'

"The 'Journal of a Naturalist' relates the following instance of affectionate attention in the thrush:—'We observed this summer two common thrushes frequenting the shrubs on the green in our garden. From the slenderness of their forms and the freshness of their plumage, we pronounced them to be birds of the preceding summer. There was an association and friendship between them that called our attention to their actions. One of them seemed ailing or feeble from some bodily accident; for though it hopped about, yet it appeared unable to obtain sufficiency of food. Its companion, an active, sprightly bird, would frequently bring it worms or bruised snails, when they mutually partook of the banquet; and the ailing bird would wait patiently, understand the actions, expect the assistance of the other, and advance from his asylum upon its approach. This procedure was continued for some days; but after a time we missed the fostered bird, which probably died, or by reason of its weakness met with some fatal accident.'

"Pliny relates a somewhat similar instance of affectionate care of the aged in the rat; and it is so ordinary a portion of the character of the stork, as to have given origin to its name. This feeling sometimes characterises a race. Thus, though living usually apart, jackdaws are fond of associating with rooks, and sometimes venture to place their nests in the rookery, although the latter bird appears to tolerate, rather than encourage the intimacy. Starlings, also, when assembled in flocks in the winter, will often court the friendship of rooks; and on this account permit the neighbourhood of men, whom otherwise they would have carefully avoided. This habit of affectionate association is the more remarkable, as contrasted with the antipathy which some creatures manifest to each other. The crow is always ready to buffet the buzzard and kestrel; and the annoyance inflicted by the smaller birds on the owl, and sometimes on the cuckoo, has often been described. It cannot be for food that the sword-fish (*Xiphias gladius*) attacks the whale; and yet its approach towards any of the tribes of the latter creature causes them to fly with terror. The love of the human race so powerfully shown by the dog is the more surprising, as man is the only creature in whose favour it is displayed; for to individuals of its own kind its savage propensities are never wholly extinguished.

"In animals, as in the human race, this affection is also sometimes attended with the feeling of jealousy: 'A wood-dealer residing near Quai St Michel, Paris, had a fine English bull-dog, which was a great favourite of his wife, who used to caress the animal. On the 10th of August last she was sitting not far from the kennel caressing her child, which was five years old; the dog became jealous of it, and at last so furious, that he burst his chain, rushed at the child, worried it, and did not quit his hold until he was killed with a knife. The child was so severely hurt, that its life was despaired of.'

"The cunning of the fox has indeed been ever proverbial; and, even so long since as the days of Æsop, he figures as chief personifier of that quality. But, in many of the instances which have been related, we cannot refuse it the higher appellation of wisdom, as possessing the excellency implied in the definition of its being 'the means best adapted to the ends most conducive to its own well-being.' The following instance is illustrative of the remark of Pliny, that no degree of taming will entirely divest this animal of the habits of its ancestry. A fox had been partially tamed, and was kept fastened by a chain to a post in a court-yard, where he was chiefly fed with boiled potatoes. But the animal seems to have thought that a desirable addition might be made to his fare from the numerous fowls that strutted round him, but whose caution kept them beyond the reach of so formidable an enemy. His measures were soon taken; and having bruised and scattered the boiled potatoes which he had received for his dinner at the extremity of the space that the length of his chain enabled him to command, he retired, in an opposite direction, to the full extent of his chain, and assumed the appearance of utter regardlessness of all that was passing around him. The stratagem succeeded; and when some of the fowls had been thrown so much off their guard as to intrude within the circle of danger, the fox sprang from his lurking-place, and seized his prey.

"The habits of cautiousness displayed by this animal are also significant of conclusions drawn by observation from experience. For, when followed by dogs, it will not run through a gate—though this is obviously the most ready



passage, nor in crossing a hedge will it prefer a smooth and even part—but the roughest, where thorns and briars abound; and when it mounts an eminence, it proceeds obliquely, and not straightforward. And whether we suppose these actions to proceed from a desire to avoid those places where traps may probably have been laid, or from knowing that his pursuers will exactly follow his footsteps, and he has resolved to lead them through as many obstacles as possible, in either case an estimation of causes and consequences is to be discerned.

"We quote the following anecdote from the 'Zoologist,' vol. ii. p. 790:—While an old man was wandering by the side of one of the largest tributaries of the Almand, he observed a badger moving leisurely along the ledge of a rock on the opposite bank. In a little time a fox came up, and after walking for some distance close in the rear of the poor badger, he leaped into the water. Immediately afterwards came a pack of hounds, at full speed, in pursuit of the fox, who by this time was far enough off, floating down the stream; but the luckless badger was instantly torn to pieces by the dogs. An instance of still greater sagacity in the fox occurred a few years ago, also in this neighbourhood. As a farm-servant was preparing a small piece of land for the reception of wheat, near to Pumpherson Mains, he was not a little surprised on seeing a fox slowly running in the furrow immediately before the plough. While wondering why the sly creature was so confident, he heard behind him the cry of the dogs, and turning round, he saw the whole pack at a dead stand near the other end of the field, at the very spot where Reynard had entered the newly-enclosed trench. The idea struck him that the fox had taken this ingenious way of eluding pursuit; and through deference to the sagacity of the animal, he allowed it to escape." Derham quotes Olaus, in his account of Norway, as having himself witnessed the fact of a fox dropping the end of its tail among the rocks on the seashore, to catch the crabs below, and hauling up and devouring such as laid hold of it. On our own seacoast rats also have been known to add a new dish to their dietary by taking crabs, though it is not easy to imagine how the capture is effected; and certainly it is not by angling with the same pensile organ. On the credit of several persons, however, it is known that rats have skillfully employed their tails in drawing oil through the narrow neck of a jar, when unable to reach it in any other manner. Mr. Murray observed a dormouse to dip its tail into a dish of milk, and then carry it, smeared with the fluid, to its mouth; and similar ingenuity has been witnessed in its conveyance of water, when the little creature could not otherwise obtain a supply.

"The modes employed by dogs of different races in capturing and devouring the crab, and especially that pugnacious species the velvet crab (*Portunus puber*), well illustrate the experience which has become propagated in the breed, over the ignorance of the uninitiated. On the first discovery of the prey, a terrier runs in to seize it, and is immediately and severely bitten in the nose. But a sedate Newfoundland dog of my acquaintance proceeds more soberly in his work. He lays his paw on it, to arrest it in its escape; then tumbling it over, he bares his teeth, and, seizing it with the mouth, throws the crab aloft: it falls upon the stones: the shell is cracked beyond redemption; and then the dainty dish is devoured at his leisure.

"There was, within my knowledge, in the house of my parentage, a small cupboard, in which were kept milk, butter, and other requisites for the tea-table; and the door was confined with a lock, which, from age and frequent use, could be easily made to open. To save trouble, the key was always kept in the lock, in which it revolved on a very slight impulse. It was often a subject of remark that the door of this cupboard was found wide open, and the milk or butter greatly diminished, without any imaginable reason, and notwithstanding the persuasion that the door had certainly been regularly locked; but it was accident that led to the detection of the offender. On watching carefully, the cat was seen to seat herself on the table; and, by repeated patting on the side of the bow of the key, it was at last made to turn, when a slight pull on the door caused it to move on its hinges. It had proved a fortunate discovery for puss, for a long time before she was taken in the fact."

Of the swallow, it is told:—

"I have known the nest affixed, in a baronial mansion, to the door of a bedroom, to which they had obtained access through an aperture in a turret; and the young were constantly swung to and fro at each opening of the door. It is worthy of remark, (for it is perhaps a generic habit), that, in constructing the nest, the swallow tribe labour from the outside, and the form is made by judgment of the eye: whereas the habit of our smaller birds of other families is to work within, and thus to adapt it in form and size to the model of their own bodies.

"For its own resting-place, the sparrow generally prefers a comfortable hole in a wall, from which it can watch the feeding of poultry, and, in the absence of danger, descend to snatch a share from them. To this retreat it conveys a large assortment of straws and feathers; but, as this bird—the emblem of impudence and cunning—is no favourite with the farmer, an order is issued to the boys of the household to rob the nests as fast as the eggs are deposited. In a case of this sort, where three or four successive layings have been destroyed, the whole colony, as if by mutual agreement, quitted the place of their past disappointments, and settled themselves among the thickest foliage of some trees at a distance from the farm—a situation which, though common in some districts, neither they nor their ancestors had ever before occupied, and where their large and clumsy nests were objects of curiosity to their human neighbours.

"It was perhaps from persecution of some sort, either of birds, or its worst enemies, the smaller quadrupeds, that a thrush chose for its nesting-place the extraordinary situation of a depression in the ground in the middle of a field of turnips, from whose leaves it gained its own protection and shade. When found, the nest contained four eggs; and, curiously enough, the outer wall was formed of portions of turnip-leaves, while within it was lined with the usual coating of mortar.

"The nest of the holm thrush (*Turdus viscivorus*) is also sometimes modified according to circumstances, and evidently from a calculation of what the bulk and weight of the expected young ones may require. Its usual site for building is among the firmer branches of a tree, with little regard to concealment; where, trusting to the support which will be afforded by these diverging branches, it does not follow the example of its kindred species, in strengthening the edifice with a lining of plaster. On one occasion, however, an otherwise excellent situation in a pear-tree lay under the inconvenience of having too wide a space between two out of the four surrounding props; and this portion of the structure was accordingly the only part that was strengthened by the addition of a firm layer of clay.

"It is a remarkable fact, that more than one pair of birds will sometimes unite in occupying one nest, and either rear their broods in common, or one of them will perhaps surrender the future care of them to the other. A thrush

had built its nest in a low tree in a garden; and on the second day after it was finished it was observed that four eggs had been deposited in it. Through the attention thus excited, it was ascertained that two mothers were engaged in supplying the number, which at last amounted to ten, and from which nine living young ones were produced. These eggs were certainly sat on by one parent only.

"This is also the easiest mode of accounting for the very large number of eggs and young sometimes found in one nest. A partridge has been the ostensible parent of twenty-two young ones; and, as if conscious that so large a family could not have all the attention they required from the mother alone, the male also has gathered them under his wings, the pair of parents sitting side by side, but with their heads and tails reversed. I have been credibly informed, that as many as thirty-one partridge eggs have been found in one nest. Mr. Yarrell mentions the association of landrails with partridges under the care of one parent. A guinea-fowl has been known to lay her eggs in a partridge's nest; and on board ship, so many young mice were discovered nestled together as could not possibly have belonged to one mother."

Of the cuckoo;

The demands of young birds on the care and lovingkindness of their parents we must suppose in some measure akin to the powerful feeling which sways the breast of the higher animals in the same relationship with each other. But it sometimes extends beyond the more immediate connexion of kindred; and instances are not uncommon, where it has excited sympathy even in creatures of another species, and that, too, in cases where, from the absence of the breeding impulse, this affection must be sought rather in compassion than in a mere instinctive disposition. That the cuckoo should be fed by a foster-parent might be expected, since, as in the like instance of ducks hatched by a hen, she believes the hatching to be her own, and may have learnt to regard the unusual bulk of the solitary inmate of her nest as an evidence of the success of her motherly care. But there are proofs of the fact that when a young cuckoo has been placed in a cage, birds which could never have seen such a fledgeling before, have set about feeding it with loving zeal and untiring perseverance. In one case, some canaries, who were at large in a room, were seen to cling to the cage in which the young cuckoo was confined; and on being permitted to enter, they supplied the orphan so regularly with food, that in a little time it refused to receive its sustenance from any other hands.

"A like loving feeling has also been shown to other little neglected ones by birds of a different race to their own; and the proceeding has been conducted in such a manner as to show that, while sometimes it has originated in mere involuntary compassion, at other times it has sprung from a deliberate affectionate disposition of the mind of these little creatures. Its particular direction may, at times be excited by that expression of want which is part of the language common to kindred families in the early portion of their life, as was the case in the following instance:—A gentleman of my acquaintance, an observer and lover of the instincts of nature, placed a couple of fledgeling greenfinches (*Fringilla chlotris*) in the same cage with two canaries, who immediately took them under their care, and assumed the office of parents; and though, at first, they found some difficulty in inducing the young to receive food from them, they continued their assiduities, till kindness at last prevailed, and they were allowed to feed them regularly. I have also learned the following curious facts from a competent observer:—The nests of a missel thrush and chaffinch (*Fringilla caelebs*) were near each other in the same tree, the former having young and the latter only eggs. When the former bird approached to feed its brood, the chaffinch quitted her nest, and prevailed on the missel-thrush to resign the food to her; and with it she proceeded to supply the young ones."

Shamming being wounded or dead is common to several birds and beasts; and Mr. Couch gives a number of anecdotes where these resources were cleverly and successfully put in practice; but these and all other illustrations we must now leave to be gathered from the work itself, and conclude with one other quotation from its amusing pages.

"Badgers, which are ordinarily solitary animals, have been known to assemble in a troop, and, under the guidance of an apparent leader, proceed on a tour of emigration. A country labourer, attended by his sheep-dog, at midnight found himself encompassed by half-a-dozen of these animals, whom he took to be parents with their young, proceeding to some distant spot. On discovering him, they did not wait for the attack, but began it; and though he soon wrenched a stake from a hedge at hand, and was well assisted by his dog, both dog and man were compelled to beat a retreat.

"In another case of falling in with these wanderers by night, my informant judged the party to be nine or ten in number, as well as he could count them in the dark. They grunted and gathered about him, and followed him up closely through a field, till he passed through the gate, and then they left him. Another person counted twenty-one in a company; and the smallest of these were placed in the middle of the escort, preceded and followed by the larger. That at these times they will attack any one who comes in their way is the opinion of the few persons I have known who have had opportunities of observing these animals. In one case, where a man was attacked, he was compelled to fly to a heap of stones for defence, and fling them at his assailants with all his might.

"A similar habit of migration in bands is reported of polecats; and, in one case, by stoats, by daylight. In a dark night, a wayfaring man encountered a large number of these creatures; and, directed by the sounds they uttered, rather than by sight, when they encompassed him about, he succeeded in killing seven, mostly young ones. On another occasion three were killed."

A large flock of rats was met, late in the evening, in the street of a small town; and the interruption to their expedition being as unexpected by them as by the man who met them, they were driven, like a flock of sheep, before him into a house, where they took refuge under chairs and anything affording shelter, and seemed bewildered with fear; but they were soon expelled, and continued their journey. On another occasion, and at the same hour at night, another party of these migrants was met and diverted from their way, but in this case they were not driven into a house. At the same time of night, in the end of the month of June, a company of common domestic mice was seen proceeding along a street, as if migrating; and though people were occasionally passing, being unmolested, they held on their way without deviation."

Mr. Couch accounts for the death of the famed Hatto, Archbishop of Mentz, who was destroyed by mice in his castle, on an island in the Rhine, as the consequence of a migration of this kind.

"The habit of weasels, of travelling and hunting in companies by night, gave rise to a superstitious belief in the West of England, which is hardly yet extinct. It was once a common opinion in that quarter of the country, that there were a set of diminutive creatures, of the elfin family, vulgarly called



Dandy Dogs, who went hunting the hare by night, under the direction of one or more ghostly huntsmen; and it is within memory, that individuals have affirmed that they have not only heard the full cry of these houters, but have risen from their beds and accompanied the unearthly pack, but at a fearful, respectful distance; and that these imps of hounds have followed the chase with lively yelpings, and all the motions of their bigger brethren who love 'the hunting of the hare.' It may be in connexion with this superstition that country people commonly call the weasel a fairy.

### CURIOSITIES OF ARITHMETIC.

An eastern prince was so much delighted with the game of chess, which had been devised for his amusement, that he desired the inventor to name his own reward. The philosopher, however, was too modest to seize the opportunity of enriching himself: he merely begged of his royal master a grain of corn for each square on the chess table, doubling the number in proceeding from the first to the sixty-fourth square. The king, honouring his moderation, made no scruple of consenting to the demand; but on his treasurer making the necessary calculations, he was somewhat surprised to find that he had engaged to give away the impossible quantity of 87,076,425,546,692,656 grains of corn, equal to the whole contained in 16,384 towns, each having 1024 granaries of 174,762 measures each consisting of 32,768 grains.

The story of the horse-shoe is of the same kind, and, like the above, is usually met with in books of scientific recreation. A man selling a fine horse is to receive for it nothing more than the value of the twenty-fourth nail of the animal's shoes, supposing that the first nail is worth a farthing, the second two, and so on, doubling each time. The bargain is a tolerably good one, since the twenty-fourth nail at this rate proves to be worth £17,000.

Suppose that of all the prodigious number of eggs in a female herring, only 2000 come to maturity, and that each of them in its turn gives birth to the same number, half males, and half females. In the second year, we should have a family of 12,000,000; in the third, of 2,000,000,000; and in the eighth, the number would be expressed by the figure 2 followed by 24 ciphers. This number of herrings would not find room even if the earth were turned into a globe of water, as its whole volume would furnish only about a square inch for each fish.

A sprig of henbane sometimes produces 50,000 grains; but if we take the average at 10,000, the number of sprigs in the eighth generation would be expressed by 1 followed by 16 ciphers. At this rate, it would take nearly the entire surface of the globe to contain all the henbane produced from a single plant in four years.

A sum of money invested at five per cent. compound interest, is doubled in fourteen years and some months, quadrupled in less than thirty years, octupled in less than forty-five years, and so on. From this it would appear that if a centime had been placed out at such interest, pro bono publico, in the year 800, when Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of the West, the 30,000,000 Frenchmen inhabiting the country at the revolution in 1830 would have enjoyed an income of 100,000,000,000 francs. Such arithmetically true, but economically impossible results of old deposits, are made the ground-work of some works of fiction; but writers of another class are obliged to attend to the obvious fact, that in order to effect such accumulation of capital, the business of the bankers and the wealth of the community would require to increase in the same proportion. Money does not breed spontaneously. The party to whom it is intrusted must use his funds in such a way as to enable him not only to pay the interest, but to derive a profit from the transaction.

A hundred pebbles were arranged in line, six feet apart, with a basket six feet ahead of the first pebbles, in which a man, for a wager, was to place the stones one by one, in as little time as his comrade would take to walk from the Luxembourg to the chateau of Meudon and back again. The distance between these two points is 30,300 yards, or 60,600 going and returning; and this is the exact distance the stone-gatherer would have to walk by making a separate journey from the basket for each of his pebbles. But the latter would not only have to walk, but to stoop and rise again a hundred times; and, in effect, so great a hindrance was this, that he had only deposited his eighty-fifth stone by the time the other had completed his task.

The population of the globe is supposed to be under a thousand millions, or, according to M. Hassel, 937,855,000. If, then, says a French writer, all man kind were collected in one place, every four individuals occupying a square metre, the whole might be contained in a field ten miles square. Thus, generally speaking, the population of a country might be packed, without much squeezing, in its capital. But the mean idea this gives us of the number of the human race, is counter-balanced by its capability of extension. The new world is said to contain of productive land 4,000,000 square miles of middling quality, each capable of supporting two hundred inhabitants; and 6,000,000 of a better quality, capable of supporting five hundred persons. According to this calculation, the population of the new world, as peace and civilisation advance, may attain to the extent of 4,000,000,000. If we suppose the surface of the old world to be double that of America (and notwithstanding the comparative poverty of the land, this calculation may be accepted, if we say nothing of Australia and the various archipelagos), it would support 8,000,000,000; and thus the aggregate population of the entire globe might amount to 12,000,000,000, or twelve times the present number.

How many curious speculations suggest themselves here! What space will it take for the inhabitants of the earth to increase to twelve times their present number? Will such increase ever take place? Supposing the epoch to approach when 'the table is full,' what will be the condition of the then races of mankind? In what way, through what proximate causes, will the number of births adjust themselves to the number of deaths? Will war be once more resuscitated from the ashes of ages—for war must have been dead, to admit of the completion of the ranks of the species? Will hatred, want, misery, follow as usual the footsteps of the destroyer, and the earth swallow up the children which her uncalculating instincts have produced?

But it is folly to perplex ourselves with inquiries upon subjects which are obviously beyond the grasp of the intellect. All we know with certainty is, that the human world has gone on for at least four thousand years, without attaining to more than one-twelfth part of its possible extent. Our knowledge is limited, and must always be so. Not to talk of the interior of the earth, which we can learn but little about from hammering upon its crust, we are each individually ignorant even of our fellow-beings on the surface. One of us may know something of insects, and so on; but the mind does not exist which is able to comprehend the organic world in its entirety. It is said that there are 100,000 species of vegetables, five or six times that number of insects, about 1200 of quadrupeds, 6800 of birds, and 1500 of reptiles. The sea we know almost as little about as we do of the interior of the earth; but as its bottom is at least double the extent of the surface of our continents and islands, we

may roughly take the number of its species, animal and vegetable, as equal to that of the species which require atmospheric air. As for the microscopic world, there we are entirely lost; but in all probability it is as rich in species as the world that is cognisable to our ordinary senses. But if we take the entire number of species of organised beings at only 2,000,000, what human intellect is capable of studying them to any purpose? If a man gave himself up to the task as the business of his life, attending to the examination of each species but one minute, and working incessantly during ten hours in the day, he would not accomplish the cursory unreflecting survey in less than twenty years! These considerations should at least teach us humility; and for the rest, we may safely trust in the Creator of these unspeakable wonders, that His almighty hand will sustain the work which His omniscient wisdom conceived, and that the same power which originated the plan, will extend to its consummation.

### THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

*History of the Bank of England, its Times and Traditions.* By John Francis. 2 vols. 8vo. Willoughby and Co. E. Wilson.

An account of this great centre of our monetary world was a desideratum, which we wonder has not been supplied long ago, for its operations and effects are of general interest and vast importance. We know not how much depends upon it:—the facile carrying on of government, peace or war, profit or loss in our transactions with foreign countries, the prices of our food and raiment, the condition of our purses and pockets, our respect in society, our acceptance or rejection when in love, our living and our life. Happy is he who has the Bank in friendly relations, and yet, strange problem! we see that even the being a Director in it does not ensure the gifts of fortune. How is it that persons, thought to be most competent to guide the affairs of the nation, cannot successfully shape their own? Mr. Francis' book does not tell us that; but it can suggest the notion that the old style of old England's trade and commerce has yielded to a new spirit, and that solidity has given way to speculation, and that speculation has led to monopoly, and that monopoly (like Aaron's serpent) has swallowed all the rest. The competent middle classes have lost much of their independence, and have become all but slaves to the millionaires. A wide gap has been created between the higher and lower ranks; would we could witness the intermediate steps restored!

Great controversies ever and anon spring up in regard to the proceedings of the Bank of England; in regard to the return to cash payments, or the measure of value by gold, to the consequent decrease of the circulation, and to the substitution to a prodigious extent of bill traffic for bank notes. The bed of Procrustes seems to us to have been the model of the unchangeable gold standard; to which every limb and motion of the busy earth must be fitted, though population may be doubled, and every form and requisite of circumstances may be changed. And another odd feature of the new bed is that it is itself as changeable as other things, and expands or contracts according to accidents which have nothing to do with the measurement in question. But these are the puzzles of political economy, and what strikes us most forcibly is, that we were some years ago the most prosperous people on the face of the globe, and that we have from time to time adopted theoretical views and measures to make us far more prosperous, the consequences of which have been a considerable increase of difficulty, and vicissitude, and distress, and pauperism throughout the British Empire!

At any rate the questions have come to a crisis at the present day, and it remains to be determined whether we are to lock up as much of the life blood of our circulating medium in the vaults of the Bank, as would invigorate the whole system, or employ it as the human heart does its arterial and venous blood, without regard to a hypothesis that so much must be kept there in order to satisfy opinion that the rest which is circulating through the body is sound and good. If credit is to be founded on gold alone, and no other species of property, it is very evident that we must suffer shock after shock from the inadequacy of that material to represent the universal enterprise of England; but why we cannot to a certain extent coin precious stones, land, houses, property as well as bullion, is a mystery we do not pretend to understand. We remember Sir I. Brunel calculating that there were as many gold watches amongst our population as if laid touching each other along the turnpike-road would reach some fifty miles; why cannot we have them represented in circulation? But truce to discussions upon what nobody seems to agree about; and to the History of the Bank, which is blamed and praised for precisely the same acts, just as parties see them through the light of their own pursuits or wants. Francis' early description of the money-lending classes in England shows us the Jews severely oppressed, first mouthed to be last swallowed, whenever king or feudal lord needed their riches; but still not utterly destroyed, because they might be used again and again.

"It appears, then, (he says) from the slight sketch given of this remarkable body, that the writer is justified in terming them the compulsory bankers of the period. Their earliest known persecution occurred in 1189, during the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, about the period that the first European bank, the bank of Venice, was established. While the rude barbarism of the north resorted to the policy shortly to be described, Venice, with all the grandeur of an advanced commercial knowledge, established, upon a scale so just that it has since served as a model for its successors, the earliest bank in Europe.

"Towards the end of the thirteenth century, the country ceased to receive support from the Hebrew. Edward I., unable to resist a grant from Parliament, and stimulated by the prospect of an immediate booty, consented to the expulsion of this people from England. With what circumstances of degradation and cruelty it was conducted, let the chronicles of the time repeat; but from this period to their re-admission, during the government of the great and pious Crom. in the seventeenth century, they ceased to interfere with the monetary or commercial transactions of the English community.

"It is, we think, difficult to account, excepting by the bigotry of the age, for the intense hatred borne to this insulted race. It would, perhaps, be still more difficult to find a reason, at the expense of a revenue so easily obtained, were it not possible that some light may be thrown on, and some excuse made for, this great political error, by the fact, that, in the same century, the Lombards, by which general term the early Italian merchants of Genoa, Florence, and Venice were known, came over and established themselves in the street which still bears their name. With them came many of the arts and the skill of trade; with them came the only knowledge of banking, then possessed; with them came into more common use 'the wonderful invention' of bills of exchange, by the agency of which they remitted money to their own country. Success followed exertion; a firm footing was obtained by the skilful Lombard; he was the first who, uniting to the art of the goldsmith the science of the banker, took the initiative in that business, which has since been the agen-



cy of so much good, and which has been found to increase with the trade and commerce of the country.

The Goldsmiths succeeded:

"They were a rich body; and it was natural that the richest should be most trusted. Those servants, therefore, who yet remained in charge of their master's money, lent it, at 4d per cent. per diem, to the Goldsmith, who saw a new branch of business opening, and caught the first glimpse of modern banking. The troubles of the time, which prevented country gentlemen from keeping their rents in their own mansions, made them glad to remit it to persons of responsibility. The Goldsmith was equally glad to pay a small interest, with the prospect of lending it at an increased profit. The necessitous merchant applied for loans at a high usance. The rich deposited their cash, for security, without interest. The widow and the orphan received four per cent.: and, with the money thus obtained, the Goldsmith was able to increase his business by the somewhat new branch of discounting bills.

"They thus became money borrowers and receivers of rents. They lent money to the King on the security of the taxes. The receipts they issued for the money lodged at their house, circulated from hand to hand, and were known by the name of Goldsmith's Notes. These may be considered the first kind of bank notes issued in England.

Sir Thomas Gresham was the author of a great advance—but

"The celebrity of the first banking house belongs, by common consent, to Mr. Francis Child. This gentleman, who was the father of his profession, and possessed of large property, began business shortly after the restoration. He was originally apprentice to William Wheeler, goldsmith and banker, whose shop was on the site of the present banking house. The foundation of his importance arose from the good old fashion of marrying his master's daughter, and through this, he succeeded to the estate and business. The latter he subsequently confined entirely to the banking department."

Child's books date back to 1620; Messrs. Hoares' to 1680; and Messrs. Snooks' to 1685.

William Patterson, within a few years from this period, schemed and founded the National Bank. Of him Mr. Francis observes:

"William Patterson, one of those men whose capacity is measured by failure or success, was the originator of the new Bank; and it is, perhaps, unfortunate for his fame, that no biography exists of this remarkable person. As the projector of the present Bank of Scotland, as the very soul of the celebrated Darien Company, and as the founder of the Bank of England, he deserves notice. A speculative as well as an adventurous man, he proved his belief in the practicability of the Darien scheme by accompanying that unfortunate expedition; and the formation of the Bank of England was the object of his desires and the subject of his thoughts for a long time previous to its establishment.

"William Patterson was born in Traillflatt, in the county of Dumfries, in 1658. Having been educated for the church, he indulged a naturally adventurous disposition, by visiting the West Indian Islands under pretext of converting the Indians. His real occupation is stated however to have been very different, as he mingled with, and perhaps formed part of those daring buccaniers, the exploits of whom form so romantic a chapter in the byeways of history. During this period Patterson made himself thoroughly acquainted with the capabilities of the Isthmus of Darien, better known as the Isthmus of Panama. 'This place, which is between Mexico and Peru,' says a modern writer, 'is within six weeks' sail of most parts of Europe, the East Indies, and a part of China. It is in the heart of the West India Islands, and not far from North America. It is one of the best situations for a colony from a trading and manufacturing country on the face of the earth.' The same opinion was entertained by Patterson, who must have been thoroughly acquainted with the position and natural advantages of the place; and from his youth contemplated its colonization."

The attempt and its fatal results are well known; they saddened the heart of Scotland for many a day. After much opposition from conflicting interests, Patterson achieved the foundation of the Bank by Royal charter, on the 27th of July, 1694.

"In Grocers' Hall, since razed for the erection of a more stately structure, the Bank of England commenced operations. Here, in one room, with almost primitive simplicity, were gathered all who performed the duties of the establishment. 'I looked into the great hall where the Bank is kept,' says the graceful essayist of the day, 'and was not a little pleased to see the directors, secretaries and clerks, with all the other members of that wealthy Corporation, ranged in their several stations according to the parts they hold in that just and regular economy.' The secretaries and clerks altogether numbered but fifty-four, while their united salaries did not exceed £4350. But the picture is a pleasant one, and though so much unlike present usages, it is a doubtful question whether our forefathers did not derive more benefit from intimate association with and kindly feelings towards their inferiors, than their descendants receive from the broad line of demarcation adopted at the present day."

In 1732 greater accommodations were required for carrying on the business, and "It was unanimously resolved to erect a hall and office in Threadneedle Street; and the site chosen for the new edifice was that of the house and garden of Sir John Houbton, first governor of the Bank. The structure was contracted for by Dunn and Townshend, eminent builders of the day, after designs by Mr. George Sampson.

"On Thursday, the 3rd of August, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the new building was commenced; a stone, on which the names of the directors were placed, being made the foundation for one of the pillars. Twenty guineas were presented to the workmen for distribution; and the 5th of June, 1734, business was commenced in that edifice, the present importance of which is unparalleled in the history of monetary establishments. Notwithstanding the sagacity of those who governed its concerns, it may reasonably be questioned whether they imagined the time would ever arrive when its buildings would occupy acres: when the movements of its governors, in the words of the historiographer of London, would influence the whole body of the public, its offices expel a church from its site, and emulate the palaces of emperors.

"The total number employed at present is upwards of nine hundred, and their salaries exceed £210,000.

"So early as 1697, in 'Some thoughts of the interest of England' a proposal was made 'that the Bank of England be branched into every city and market town in England, and that the several branches be accountable to the general Bank in London for the profits of the respective branches.' Had this plan been carried into effect, some of those crises which have borne ruin into many happy homes would have been averted. The entire circulation would have been in the hands of an establishment equal in stability to the government.

The bubble schemes which have plagued and shaken the country since then

are described in their order of succession, as well as their effects upon the bank and public credit. Besides the mighty ones, Mississippi, South Sea, &c. &c., some of the minor projects for extorting money from credulity are curious enough:

"Schemes were proposed which would have been extravagant in 1835, and which stamped the minds of those who entertained them with what may be truly termed a commercial lunacy. One was for the 'discovery of perpetual motion.' Another was for subscribing two millions and a half to 'promising designs hereafter to be promulgated.' A third was a 'Company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is; every subscriber who deposits £2 per share, to be entitled to £100 per annum.' Even this insolent attempt on the credulity of the nation succeeded; and when the arch-rogue opened his shop, the house was beset with applicants. In five hours £2000 was deposited in the hands of the projector, and from that day he ceased to be heard of in England. Projects like these enlisted the lowest with the highest. On some sixpence, and on others one shilling, per cent. was paid; and as no capital was required the comparative beggar might indulge in the same advantageous gambling, and enjoy the same bright castles in the air, which marked the dreams of the rich and the great. Some came so low as to ask only one shilling deposit on every thousand pounds. Persons of quality, of both sexes, were engaged in these. Avarice triumphed over dignity; gentlemen met their brokers at taverns; ladies at their milliners' shops. The English historian says, 'All distinctions of party, religion, sex, character, and circumstances, were swallowed up in this universal concern, or in some such pecuniary project. Exchange Alley was filled with a strange concourse of statesmen and clergymen, churchmen and dissenters, Whigs and Tories, physicians, lawyers, tradesmen, and even multitudes of females. All other professions and employments were utterly rejected; the people's attention wholly engrossed by this and other chimerical schemes, which were known by the denomination of bubbles.'

"Among the schemes advertised in derision of the propensity of the day, was one 'for making Butter from Beech trees;' another for 'an engine to remove the South Sea House to Moorfields;' a third 'for teaching wise men to eat naticities.' The clerks of the South Sea Company found it a prosperous period. As the lapse of a day might make 100 per cent. difference, a £20 note was frequently given to expedite the transaction. These perquisites were so great, that they wore lace dresses, and answered when remonstrated with, that 'if they did not put gold upon their clothes, they could not make away with half their earnings.'

"New companies started up every day under the countenance of the prime nobility. The Prince of Wales was constituted governor of the Welsh Copper Company, (by which he made sixty thousand pounds, and then withdrew his name;) the Duke of Bridgewater formed an association for building houses in London and Westminster; and the Duke of Chandos appeared at the head of the York Buildings Company.

"Another ingenious fraud consisted of the 'Globe permits,' square bits of playing card, on which were impressed in wax the Globe tavern, and inscribed on them 'sail cloth permits.' These cards were merely permission to subscribe to some future Sail Cloth Company, and were currently sold at sixty guineas each. The confusion and crowd were so great that the same shares were sometimes sold at the same moment £100 higher in one part of the Alley than another."

Another phenomenon was created by the Bank. Sixty-four years after its establishment the first forged note was presented for payment; and "to Richard William Vaughan, a Stafford linen-draper, belongs to the melancholy celebrity of having led the van in this new face of crime, in the year 1758. The records of his life do not show want, beggary, or starvation urging him, but a simple desire to seem greater than he was. By one of the artists employed, and there were several engaged on different parts of the notes, the discovery was made. The criminal had filled up to the number of twenty, and deposited them in the hands of a young lady to whom he was attached, as a proof of his wealth. There is no calculating how much longer Bank notes might have been free from imitation, had this man not shewn with what ease they might be counterfeited. From this period forged notes became common."

His execution did not deter others from the offence, and many a neck was forfeited to the halter before the late abolition of capital punishment for this crime. Some of the stories are very romantic, and some very ingenious, *ex. gr.*:

"In 1780, a gentleman of eminence in the mercantile world, was grieved by the contents of a letter which he received from a correspondent at Hamburgh, the post-mark of which it bore. From the statement it contained, it appeared that a person most minutely described, had defrauded the writer, under extraordinary circumstances, of £3000. The letter continued to say, information had been obtained that the defrauder—the dress and person of whom it described—was occasionally to be seen on the Dutch Walk of the Royal Exchange. The object of the writer was to induce his correspondent to invite the party to dinner; and by any moral force which could be used, compel him to return the money: adding, that if he should be found amenable to reason, and evince any signs to repentance, he might be dismissed with a friendly caution and five hundred pounds, as he was a near relation to the writer. As the gentleman whose name it bore was a profitable correspondent, the London merchant kept a keen watch on the Dutch Walk, and was at last successful in meeting, and being introduced to the cheat. The invitation to dine was accepted; and the host having previously given notice to the family to quit the table soon after dinner, acquainted his visitor with his knowledge of the fraud. Alarm and horror were depicted in the countenance of the young man, who, with tones apparently tremulous from emotion, begged his disgrace might not be made public. To this the merchant consented, provided the £3000 were returned. The visitor sighed deeply; but said that to return all was impossible, as he had unfortunately spent part of the amount. The remainder, however, he proposed to yield instantly, and the notes were handed to the merchant, who, after dilating upon the goodness of the man he had robbed, concluded his moral lesson by handing a cheque for £500 as a proof of his beneficence. The following morning the gentleman went to the banker to deposit the money he had received, when, to his great surprise, he was told that the notes were counterfeited. His next inquiries were concerning the cheque, but that had been cashed shortly after the opening of the bank. He immediately sent an express to his Hamburgh correspondent, who replied that the letter was a forgery; and that no fraud had been committed upon him. The whole affair had been plotted by a gang, some of whom were on the continent, and some in England.

"Charles Price was one of those men whose whole abilities are employed in defrauding. At the age of seventeen he left his home to seek a fortune; and threw himself on the world with the determination to live by it. He soon



learned to play many parts. Now a comedian; and now a gentleman's servant. At one time a rogue, and the companion of rogues; and then a fraudulent brewer or a fraudulent bankrupt. Great talent was employed in enormous crimes; and great evil was the result. After trying his hand as a lottery-office keeper, stock-broker, and gambler, he attained sufficient importance to grace a work entitled the 'Swindler's Chronicle.' From this the step was easy to the 'Newgate Calendar;' and he embarked in a bold, skillful, and resolute career of fraud on the Bank. His only confidant was his mistress. He practiced engraving till he became proficient. He made his own ink. He manufactured his own paper. With a private press he worked his own notes; and he counterfeited the signatures of the cashiers, until the resemblance was complete. Master of all that could successfully deceive, he defied alike fortune and the Bank directors; and even these operations in his own house were transacted in a disguise sufficient to baffle the most penetrating.

"About the year 1780 a note was brought to the Bank for payment. So complete were all its parts; so masterly the engraving; so correct the signatures; so skillful the water-mark, that it was promptly paid; and only discovered to be a forgery when it reached a particular department. From that period forged paper continued to be presented, especially at the time of lottery drawing. Consultations were held with the police. Plans were laid to ensure detection. Every effort was made to trace the forger. Clark, the Forrester of his day, went, like a sluth-hound, on the track; for in those days the expressive word 'blood-money' was known. Up to a certain point there was little difficulty; but beyond this the most consummate art defied the ingenuity of the officer. In whatever way the notes came, the train of discovery always paused at the lottery offices. Advertisements offering large rewards were circulated; but the unknown forger baffled detection, at the expense of the Corporation.

"Among other advertisements in the 'Daily Advertiser,' in 1780, might be seen one for a servant; to which an answer was sent by a young man, in the employment of a musical instrument maker, who, some time after, was called upon by a coachman, and informed that the advertiser was waiting in a coach to see the candidate for the situation. The young man went; and was desired to enter the conveyance, where he saw a person with something of the appearance of a foreigner, sixty or seventy years old, apparently troubled with the gout, as some yards of flannel were wrapped around his legs. A camblet surcoat was buttoned around his mouth; a large patch placed over his left eye; and nearly every part of his face was concealed. He affected much infirmity, and a faint hectic cough; and invariably presented the patched side to the view of the servant. After some conversation, in the course of which he represented himself as guardian to a young nobleman of great fortune, the interview concluded with the engagement of the applicant; and the new servant was directed to call on Mr. Brank—the name by which he designated himself—at 29, Titchfield Street, Oxford Street. At this interview Brank inveighed against his whimsical ward for his love of speculation in lottery-tickets; and told the servant that his principal duty would be to purchase them. After one or two meetings, at each of which Brank kept his face muffled, he handed a £40 and £20 Bank note; told the servant to be very careful not to lose them; and directed him to buy lottery-tickets at separate offices. The young man went, fulfilled his instructions, and at the moment he was returning, was suddenly called by his employer from the other side of the street, congratulated on his rapidity, and then told to go to various offices in the neighborhood of the Royal Exchange, and purchase more shares. To do this £400 in Bank of England notes were handed him, and the wishes of the mysterious Mr. Brank were satisfactorily effected. These scenes were continually enacted. Notes to a large amount were thus circulated; lottery tickets purchased; and Mr. Brank, always in a coach, with his face studiously concealed, ready on the spot to receive them. The surprise of the servant was somewhat excited; but had he known that from the period he left his master to purchase the tickets, one female figure accompanied all his movements; that when he entered the offices, it waited at the door, peered cautiously in at the window, hovered around him like a second shadow, watched him carefully, and never left him until once more he was in the company of his employer, that surprise would have been greatly increased. Again and again were these extraordinary scenes rehearsed; again and again were lottery-tickets procured; and again and again was the servant allowed only to see the patched side of his master's face. At last the Bank obtained a clue, and the servant was taken into custody, his simple statement disregarded, and his person incarcerated. The directors imagined that at last they had secured the actor in so many parts; that the flood of forged notes which had inundated the establishment would cease. Their hopes proved fallacious, and it was found that 'old Patch' had been sufficiently clever to baffle the Bank directors. The house in Titchfield-street was searched; but Mr. Brank had deserted it. The servant was discharged from custody with a present of £20; the advertisements re-appeared; rewards were again offered; but in vain.

"The extraordinary Mr. Brank remained as inaccessible as ever, and the forgeries as usual became more plentiful about the period of the lotteries. But the mind of this man—a master in the art of crime—invented a new method of fraud. In 1785, the public prints report the following. 'On the 17th of December £10 was paid into the Bank, for which the clerk, as usual, gave a ticket to receive a Bank note of equal value. This ticket ought to have been carried immediately to the cashier, instead of which the bearer took it home and curiously added an 0 to the original sum, and returning, presented it so altered to the cashier, for which he received a note of £100. In the evening the clerks found a deficiency in the accounts; and on examining the tickets of the day, not only that but two others were discovered to have been obtained in the same manner. In the one, the figure 1 was altered to 4, and in another to 5, by which the artist received, upon the whole, near £1000.' The contriver of this ingenious fraud proved to be the same individual who had so long baffled the police; but in a short time his career was closed. One of the notes, given in pledge for costly articles of plate, with which he graced expensive entertainments, was traced to the silversmith, and after innumerable names, innumerable lodgings, and innumerable disguises, the end of Charles Price was fast approaching. With great ingenuity he procured the destruction of his implements, through the agency of his mistress, notwithstanding the acuteness of the police. The assurance of this man in the safety of his transformations had been complete. It has been seen that his accomplice in crime watched the person he employed, while Price was waiting close to the spot. Had any suspicious appearance occurred at the lottery-office she would immediately have given a signal to Price, who would have torn off his dress as old Patch, and appeared in his own character. He seems to have been thoroughly known as 'Patch,' (from the covering over his eye,) but his identity with Price, the lottery-office keeper and stock-jobber, was not suspected. His end was worthy his life. He employed his son to procure the necessary implements of destruction; and the following

morning he was found hanging. A jury sat upon the body, on which the old barbaric custom was enacted; and midnight witnessed the lonely cross-road receive the remains of the forger.

"The desire of the directors to discover the markers of forged notes, produced a considerable amount of anxiety to one whose name is indelibly associated with British art. George Morland—a name rarely mentioned but with feelings of admiration and regret—had, in his eagerness to avoid incarceration for debt, retired to an obscure hiding-place, in the suburbs of London. The description of Allan Cunningham is vivid:—"On one occasion," says this biographer, "he hid himself in Hackney; where his anxious looks and secluded manner of life induced some of his charitable neighbors to believe him a maker of forged notes. The directors of the Bank despatched two of their most dexterous emissaries to inquire, reconnoitre, search, and seize. The men arrived, and began to draw lines of circumvallation round the painter's retreat; he was not, however, to be surprised; mistaking those agents of evil men for bailiffs, he escaped from behind as they approached in front, fled into Hoxton, and never halted till he had hid himself in London. Nothing was found to justify suspicion; and when Mrs. Morland, who was his companion in this, told them who her husband was and showed them some unfinished pictures, they made such a report at the Bank, that the directors presented him with a couple of Bank notes of twenty pounds each, by way of compensation for the alarm they had given him."

"In 1759 Bank notes to a smaller amount than £20 were first circulated; and the directors commenced issues of £15 and £10, to meet the necessity experienced by the community."

In 1795 the corporation commenced an issue of £5 notes; and in March 1797, (a perilous period,) notes of one and two pounds were put into circulation.

Sir Robert Peel's Act for returning to cash payments in 1819 appears to be approved of by the author, and the Railway Mania reprehended, and with this the present history closes; and we will conclude with only one brief extract more.

"The curiosities of the Bank are few. It possesses, however, a collection of ancient coins, which, with the exceptions of those of the British Museum, and of Paris, is perhaps the finest in Europe. Visitors are occasionally shown some notes for large amounts, which have passed between the Bank and government; but to the antiquarian there are not many attractive objects."

Lord Cochrane's £1000 note, with which he paid his fine, and his protest written on the back of it, is one of them. The entire Establishment is an extraordinary sight.

#### PROPOSALS TO ERECT A MONUMENTAL TABLET IN POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, TO WILLIAM COWPER.

"Straw his ashes to the wind  
Whose pen or voice has served mankind;  
And is he dead—whose glorious mind  
Lifts thine on high?  
To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die."—Thomas Campbell.

Nearly half a century has elapsed since the Poet Cowper died. His fame has every year increased, and perhaps, next to Shakespeare and Milton, more editions of his works have been published than of any other poet in this country.

For years he laboured under mental disease, but in his many lucid intervals he changed the literary character of his age, made the word home even more sacred, and no mean judge, the late laureate, Robert Southey, has pronounced him "the best letter-writer in the English language."

At the time when he left the earth, "wars and rumors of wars" sounded on every side, and men were too much busied in protecting their national rights, and as agents in tramping down aggression, to think of commemorating one who lived and died in retirement, although he was the author of the 'Task' and many of the 'Only Hymns.'

Among the first, stirred by the conversation of his friend John Newton, and roused by the writings and speeches of Granville Penn, Thomas Clarkson, and William Wilberforce, which the post boy and carrier's cart brought to Olney, Cowper took up the cause of the oppressed African.

His sympathies for his race were not those limited to mere distant geographical excitement; for about Huntingdon, Olney and Weston he went among the poor; like the Master whom he served, he gave bread to the hungry, clothes to the naked, and was the means of comforting the broken-hearted. He had but few books, but in these for more than forty years he saw new beauties. Like the Poet Collins, "the book he loved best," was his Bible, and next to it was his Homer.

It is proposed to erect, by subscription, a tablet to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and that this monument may be raised on the broad basis of his literary as well as of his Christian good report. All are invited to subscribe. It has been deemed advisable to restrict the highest contribution to the sum of five shillings.

N. B. As some, from conscientious motives, disapprove of such memorials, it is proposed to collect subscribers for a prize on the Life, Writings and Influence of Cowper; to be published.

#### NATIONAL MUSEUM OR MONUMENT.

To the Right Hon. Adam Black and the Town Council of Edinburgh, the Provost and Town Council of Leith, and the three Burgesses representing these two towns in Parliament.

Gentlemen.—A stranger to "mine own romantic town," by birth or by long absence, cannot fail to be struck with the want of a National Museum in the Metropolis of Scotland.

A Scottish Museum is often asked for by foreigners, and there is none.

Not that Edinburgh is without Museums; for there are several, some of them admirably managed, too.

There are for instance, the Agricultural Museum of the Highland Society, the Museum of the Antiquarian Society, open on certain days to those who have an order from a member. The Edinburgh College Museum is easily accessible by paying a shilling at the door—the Torrie collection of paintings and other gratuitous exhibitions might be specified.

These do not, however, form a National Museum, which to succeed must be open to every passer-by, without "let or hindrance," excepting disorderly behaviour.

The want of such a Museum is felt by numbers of your fellow citizens; and seeing that an act of Parliament, carried these many months, enables



municipal bodies, far inferior to yours, to found and support such Museums, is Edinburg to be behind other towns, hamlets compared to her—in this respect?

Never, never, if her children unanimously call out for it.—My views are those of hundreds of your townsmen, of thousands of your countrymen, of every Scot, man, woman and child, who has ever seen a Museum like the British Museum, one of the chief attractions, if not the greatest ornament, of London.

I have heard—but whispers heard four hundred miles off are rather inaudible, except by electric telegraph—that many are waiting for the throwing open of the Edinburgh College Museum, when it lapses into the hands of Government, and is supported by a grant from Parliament. Leave this Museum as it is, an appendage to the Natural History Chair, and give the Professor a little more room even for its increase; a more meritorious Professor than Mr. Jameson does not exist, for he founded the Museum with his own private fortune, and has continued to add specimens ever since.

A National Museum must not be limited to Natural History; let it be co-extensive with art and science—let it be a nucleus to which the spirited sons of Scotia may give and bequeath pictures, statues, specimens, book and MSS.—let it be a place to which your hard-working sailors, soldiers, merchants and medical men in active foreign service, may delight to send specimens of Natural History, or curiosities connected with rude and less civilized nations—let it contain a large collection of casts from the antique for artists and architects to copy and study.

Let it contain models of the geological structure of your country, which, in itself (look to Arran, for instance), is almost “an epitome of the world”—let us have specimens, like those in the Museum of economic Geology in London, to illustrate the mineral structure of the country—let us have a place where students might delight to study, and afterwards instruct the world in, those most useful and most remunerating sciences, mineralogy and geology—let us have for our young Scotchman a Museum of Zoology, open as the British, where, with book in hand, they may learn for themselves—let us have a place for manuscripts, for paintings, for antiquities, and they will come sooner than is imagined. In a future letter I may write something more, meanwhile, I am most respectfully yours,

ISLINGTON, near London, Sept. 3, 1847.

ARACHNOPAILUS.

The stranger by birth or by absence cannot fail to be struck with the site, aspect and building of the Scottish Metropolis.

He seldom fails to miss among the latter, what, for the British Islands, is now no longer a peculiarity of London—a *Public Museum*.

Norwich, the chief town in Norfolk, has long had a public Museum. I saw it in 1835, therefore I mention it particularly.

Ipswich, the capital of Suffolk, and the birthplace of the Founder of Christchurch College, Oxford, has now a Public Museum. I mention this because it was but lately established, and the venerable Kurby, and his coadjutor Mr. Spence, were either present, or to be present at its first opening last week.

Canterbury, the most venerable city in Kent, has long had a Public Museum; thanks to the spirit of Mr. Waters, Nurseryman of that place. It is now open for one penny a visit. I saw it three years ago, it was then most noble for its variety, and the great interest of many of the objections contained in it.

Need I enumerate more? In another letter I may take you to Truro and Penzance, Cornwall. Meanwhile let me to the point.

No city can have a more noble site for a Museum than Edinburgh; you have actually much of the ornament of your building erected.

A National Museum is, or ought to be, a NATIONAL MONUMENT. Your site is the Cotton Hill, the ornament of your building, the magnificent columns forming the NATIONAL MONUMENT.

In such a building a great hall would form a striking feature; let its ornaments be the statues and busts of your mighty chiefs; the clothing of its walls, portraits of the eminent men that Scotland has produced, and pictures or bas reliefs, to record actions of peace or war in which they have been leaders.

Let some have only their name inscribed, it will often tell more than the loftiest panegyric—than the most speaking monument.

Forget not, that unanimity of effort can do much; begin forthwith a collection over Scotland; Provosts and Baillies in each borough being the Treasurers. Wherever Scotchmen are scattered let collections be made and sent to Members of Parliament—and I will venture to predict success.

A building, to do justice to such a nation, must take years in the erection; therefore that collections may accumulate, hire a house or houses, as they did more than twelve years ago, when the National Gallery was formed.

You can never expect gifts or bequests till there is some place to put them in, and some persons to take care of them.

Now that there is a great British Museum, we find Sir Joseph Banks and Mr. Cracherode leave the nation their books and collections; Sir R. G. Hoare and the Hon. W. Grenville, parts or the whole of their Libraries; General Hardwicke bequeathes his Zoological Collections and Indian Drawings; Mr. B. Hodgson, British Resident, Nehal, gives the nation his large Zoological collections and illustrations; Major Contley and Dr. Falconer their invaluable Indian fossils, and Sir C. Fellowes and Sir Stratford Canning their marble.

We find possessors of portraits of eminent men glad to give or bequeath them to the British Museum, National Gallery, and the Universities of Ox-

ford, Cambridge, Dublin and Glasgow. You would find this to be true all over Scotland.

You see by the “Papers” that the possession of one of the finest collections of pictures in this country, W. Vernon, has just intimated his intention of bequeathing his Gallery to the British Nation, and Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, has assigned to them one or more of the chef d’œuvres of his collection.

A large Zoological collection could soon be made. Scotchmen! in India, Africa, America—North and South, the West Indies, South Sea Islands and the Continent; answer, is it not so? Residents in Edinburgh, or elsewhere, with fine Collections, tell my countrymen that it is true.

In another letter I may add some more—meanwhile farewell.

ISLINGTON, Sept. 14, 1847.

ARACHNOPILUS.

### OVERLAND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

Extracts from “Narrative of an Overland Journey round the World, during the Years 1841 and 1842.” By Sir George Simpson.

“GOOD TO BE OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE.”

Many, many summers ago, a large party of Assiniboines (N. A. Indians), pouncing on a small band of Crees, in the neighborhood of this knoll, nearly destroyed them. Among the victors was the former wife of one of the vanquished who, in a previous foray, had been carried off by her present husband from her ancient lord and master. Whether it was that her new friend was younger than her old one, or that she was conscious of having been a willing accomplice in the elopement, the lady, rushing into the thickest of the fight, directed every effort against the life of her first lover. In spite, however, of the faithless Amazon’s special attentions, the Wolverine, for such was his name, effected his escape from the field of carnage, while the conquerors were gloating over the scalps of his brethren in arms. Creeping stealthily along for the whole day, under cover of the woods, he concealed himself at nightfall in a hole on the top of the rising ground in question. But though he had thus eluded the vigilance of his national enemies, there was one who, under the influence of personal hatred, had never lost sight, or scent of his trail; and no sooner had he sunk, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, into a sound sleep, than the unswerving and untiring blood-hound sent an arrow into his brain, with a triumphant yell. Before the morning dawned, the virago proudly presented to her Assiniboine husband the bleeding scalp of his unfortunate rival; and the scene of her desperate exploit was thenceforward known as the Butte a Carcajar, or the Wolverine Knoll. In proof of the truth of the story, the Indians assert that the ghost of the murderess and her victim are often to be seen from a considerable distance struggling together on the very summit of the height.

DISINCLINED TO BE “WIDOW MCCREE.”

The defile through which we had just passed had been the scene of an exploit highly characteristic of savage life. One of the Crees, whom we saw at Gull Lake, had been tracked into the valley, along with his wife and family, by five youths of a hostile tribe. On perceiving the odds that were against him, the man gave himself up for lost, observing to the woman that as they could die but once, they had better make up their minds to submit to their present fate without resistance. The wife, however, replied that as they had but one life to lose, they were the more decidedly bound to defend it to the last, even under the most desperate circumstances; adding that as they were both young, and by no means pitiful, they had an additional motive for preventing their hearts from becoming small. Then, suiting the action to the word, the heroine brought the foremost warrior to the earth with a bullet, while the husband, animated by a mixture of shame and hope, disposed of two more of the enemy with his arrows. The fourth, who had by this time come to pretty close quarters, was ready to take vengeance on the courageous woman, with uplifted tomahawk, when he stumbled and fell; and, in the twinkling of an eye, the dagger of his intended victim was buried in his heart. Dismayed at the death of his four companions, the sole survivor of the assailing party saved himself by flight, after wounding his male opponent by a ball in the arm.

A LADY HORSE-DEALER.

Before leaving these Indians, we had a specimen of their ingenuity at a bargain. From a female chief we had bought a fine mare with her colt of two years of age, giving in exchange one of our own horses, a blanket, twenty rounds of ammunition, and a fathom of tobacco. When we were all ready, however, for starting on our afternoon’s march, the lady, who had doubtless come to the conclusion that she had sold her favourite too cheap, tried to jockey us into paying for the foal which the mare was to produce next spring. This demand, though most seriously meant, we treated as an excellent jest, setting out forthwith, in order to avoid any further extension of so fertile a principle of extortion.

INSPIRATIONS.

The Ballabolla chiefs possess great power, compelling their followers to do anything, however treacherous, and to suffer anything, however cruel, without any other reason than that such is their savage pleasure. The chief of the Ballabollas, when he was lately very ill, ordered one of his people to be shot; and he forthwith regained both health and strength through the operation of this powerful medicine. They sometimes, too, call religion to their aid, consecrating their most horrible atrocities by pretending to be mad. In this state, they go into the woods to eat grass like Nebuchadnezzar, or prow about gnawing a dead man’s ribs. They rush among their people, snapping and swallowing mouthfuls from the arms and legs of such as come in their way. The poor victims never resist this sharp practice, excepting by taking to their heels as fast as they can. One of these noble cannibals was lately playing off his inspiration at the gate of the fort, when a poor fellow out of whose arm he had fished a comfortable lunch, was impious enough to roar out lustily; and Mr. Ross’s dog, suspecting foul play, seized the chief’s leg, and held it tight, in spite of his screams, till driven away by the well-known voice of his master. Nero, instead of being killed, according to Mr. Ross’s anticipations, was thenceforward venerated by the Ballabollas, as having been influenced by the same inspiration as their chief.

FESTIVITIES.

Before leaving Nisqually, let me still further illustrate the character of the tribes of the north-west coast by a summary sketch of the condition of their slaves. These thralls are just as much the property of their masters as so many dogs, with this difference against them, that a man of cruelty and ferocity enjoys a more exquisite pleasure in tasting, or starving, or torturing, or killing a fellow-creature, than in treating any one of the lower animals in a similar way. Even in the most inclement weather, a ma-



or a piece of deer-skin is the slave's only clothing, whether by day or by night, whether under cover or in the open air. To eat without permission in the very midst of an abundance which his toil has procured, is as much as his miserable life is worth; and the only permission which is ever vouchsafed to him, is to pick up the offal thrown out by his unfeeling and imperious lord. Whether in open war or in secret assassination, this cold and hungry wretch invariably occupies the post of danger.

But all this is nothing, when compared with the purely wanton atrocities to which these most helpless and pitiable children of the human race are subjected. They are beaten, lacerated, and maimed. The mutilating of fingers or toes, the splitting of noses, the scooping out of eyes, being ordinary occurrences. They are butchered—without the excuse of the excitement of a gladiatorial combat—to make holidays; and, as if to carry persecution beyond the point at which the wicked are said to cease from troubling, their corpses are often cast into the sea, to be washed out and in by the tide. To show how diabolically ingenious the masters are in the work of murder, six slaves, on the occasion of a late merry-making at Sitka, were placed in row, with their throats over a sharp ridge of a rock, while a pole, loaded with a chuckling demon at either end, ground away at the backs of their necks till life was extinct. What a proof of the degrading influence of oppression, that men should submit in life to treatment from which the black bondmen of Cuba or Brazil would be glad to escape by suicide!

#### A QUEEN'S LUNCH.

Having visited Lihe Liho (Sandwich Isles), along with Mrs Stewart, the journalist (a missionary alluded to by Sir George) thus proceeds:—"Pauahi, the only one of his Queens who had accompanied him from Oahu, was seated, *a la Turc*, on the ground, with a large wooden tray in her lap. Upon this a monstrous cuttle-fish had just been placed, fresh from the sea, and in all its life and vigour. The Queen had taken it up with both hands, and brought its body to her mouth, and, by a single application of her teeth the black juices and blood with which it was filled gushed over her face and neck, while the long sucking arms of the fish, in the convulsive paroxysm of the operation, were twisting and writhing about her head like the snaky hairs of a nod. It was the first time either of us had ever seen her Majesty; and we soon took our departure, leaving her, as we found her, in the full enjoyment of the luxurious luncheon."

#### LETTER FROM JOEL DARLIN.

UP THE RIVER IN LUSIANEE, 10th Oct., 1847.

Mister Delta.—Perhaps you've never been to a quilting frolic—tho' its as like as not you have; 'most every body in their young days goes to sich jolifications—I mean in the country places, not in towns and big cities, whar thar is the theater and the balls, and the like—but here in the settlements we haint so much light doin's in the way of entertainment, only a quilting once in a while, or a fish fry or a log rollin'. I've had my sheer of these last kind of frolics, and if it wan't for the name of it as a sort of a public getherin', I'd never go to nother log rollin' as long as I live. These ere heavy lifts are mighty tryin' to the narves and sinners of a feller's back, I tell you.

But 'bout this quilting—that's the kind of a place for young folks to gather in at; they had one in the piney woods back of our settlement a week ago—I tho't I'd tell'd you 'bout it afore, I don't see how I forgot it. I jist happened out thar and dropt in 'mong 'em sort o' onawars, and seed enuff to tell you a little 'bout it, and kinder make you remember your own young days—it sarked me that a way.

O its a wonderful thing to be young and gay and frisky—chuck full of life and overrunnin' with love. Its astonishin' how these gals and boys fancy one 'nother. I've often tho't 'bout it, and wonder'd how 'twas that a couple o' folks strangers so, jist a meetin' kinder by axident, find somethin' in one 'nother that draws like loadstone and sticks like shoemaker's wax. But it aint wonderful neither, if a body only looks at it in the right way. Natur has fill'd the world all full of bewtiful things besides wimmen—thars the flowers in the garding and the green trees in the woods out thar—and jist look too at them cypresses a hangin' so full o' long moss, a wavin' 'bout in the wind o' nights in the moon shine—them's natur's productions, and they're pretty; but what's prettier than a bewtiful crittur of a woman when she's youngish and sweet temper'd and modist and nice?

O la! now I've got to thinkin' about it, consarnin' this party doin's and so many young chaps and young gals, I can't but remember my own boy's days, what's past by howsever. Its mighty strange a feller's feelin's should underwert sich changes. Why I remember the time when a small bunch of gals, may-be only one on 'em fill'd me fuller of rale heart gladness than any thing has ever done since. I like to make money these days, and it takes hard knocks to do it, too, but all the fresh feelin's of a grown boy is clean gone, and now-a-days, a gal in my eyes is a gal—tain't as it used to was, for I once thought 'em to be sort o' angels, in them 'ere days as I talk of.

Well, 'bout the quilting—that was quite a 'sortment of young folks thar, and in course, they seemed to enjoy theirselves mightily. Thar was more gals than you could shake a stick at—all the woods, settlements, and naberhood round seemed to a been stir'd up and gethered together, like butter in a churn. A'ter dinner, for you see the boys didn't gether in much till to'rds night, a'ter dinner thar was a mighty collection of all the young gals round a desperate ugly, black lookin' snuff bottle, and I'm dreedful sorry to say it, they went into it jist as if it was the daintiest morsel of sweetness in natur.

Did you ever see a passel of gals a dippin' snuff, Mister Delta? Well, if you did, I'll be bound you never had sich a poor consate of tobacco in your born days. I'm sure I wisht all the snuffmills in Halifax afore they ground up the nasty weed, sich as our nice gals spile their pretty mouths with a usin' of it. As I was a sayin', they got the old ooman's snuff bottle, and they hunted up all the old bits o' sticks they could find, some that had been used afore, and some that hadn't, and at it they went,—I wisht I hadn't a seed 'em—rale, revrend, Scotch snuff, Mister Delta, enuff to choke a body to smell, and set him a sneezin' to think on. Yes, these nice pretty lookin' gals with their smilin' mouths and cherry lips, that had manys the time set the boys to dreamin' that thar was somethin' a'most onairly about 'em—I say, these pretty mouths all gaumd up with snuff, and a spittin' like a deck hand on a steamboat!

As I sot thar and seed 'em dippin' that ar snuff I growd oneasy and begin to feel restless—it was the natural loveliness of woman, that what grows so on a man, and fetches him clean down into the condition of a worshipin' slave, a sort of a fanciful idear as a body mout say—it was that, that was a leavin' of me, and all the angel in 'em that I could see was clean gone. I took the chaw o' tobacco out o' my own mouth, and went to the door and

flung it as far as I could send it, and declared to myself I wouldn't touch nother bit o' the trash, and I kept my promise all that day.

I'm used to tobacco, and some how or 'nother can't git 'long well without it—I s'pose I could tho' if I was to try; but it don't signify—I'm a man, a sort of a coarse, two-fisted wood-chopper, and it don't make no odds with me no now, what I do with my mouth so's I don't tell lies with it and slander my nabers. Why should it, I'd like to know—who keers for a man's looks what they be, so's he's got a heart of nateral goodness under his jacket? But with gals its different—O its monstrous different—its another matter altogether. With them looks is a heap—good looks and sweet looks and sweet ways is everything, and when I seed 'em at that 'ar nasty snuff bottle, I declar to gracious that all the notions I ever did have of likenin' a woman to an angel, and thinkin' her mouth and lips was sweeter than honey and the honey comb either, all felt flat as a dish rag.

As I'm an honest man, its a fact I have jist tell'd you and I couldn't help it—for as the consate we have for woman is fancy, and our fancy leadin us in the way of sweetness and purity, you see this here nasty snuff that was all a defilin their sweet mouths so, was to my notion the very likeness of anything but what was pretty and sweet and nice and pure. As I said afore, my young days is gone—the kitten time of a feller's life when he haint got his eyes open yet—those days is past and I can see things with my eyes—I can't say adactly what I would a thought in my young days of sich a sight as a passel o' gals at a snuff bottle—I say, when I was young and lively and sort o' blind, like the rest o' the boys—may be I could a stood it without flinchin' and still a fancied the wimmen critters so pure and so nice and so loveable in their ways, and could still a thought 'em a sort of angels in the shape of a human, but I tell you now I've my doubts whether I could or not—it don't seem to stand to reason that I could, seein' as how the main prop of their loveliness was throwed down, and every grain o' sweetness got lost when that 'ar snuff bottle was found.

If you'll lissen, I'll jist read you a bit out of an old book what's in my cabin and what's in pint I think—it won't take long and I'll spell all the hard words. The man's a speakin' of how lovely a woman is, and how keerful she ort to be to keep herself so. Natur, says he, has laid out all her art in the bewtifying of her pretty face; she has touched it with vermillyun; planted it with a double row of ivory: made it the seat o' smiles and blushes; lighted it up and made it blessed with the brightness o' the eyes; hung it on each side with queerious organs of sense—(them's her ears you see)—and then has give to it—(still meanin' a woman's pretty face)—sich airs and graces that can't be described; and put round it what Solomon or David calls her chief ornament, that is her long and flowin' hair, and altogether has made it jist sich a piece of finishin' bewty as the eyes of a human loves to look at and his heart within him loves to regard. That's pretty isn't it, and its naterally true too; and then to think of it how all the brightness and blessedness of sich a bein' should be sacreefyzd by ugly habits and ways, and offentimes by their tempers gettin' spiled and onmanageable—but this I ain't a goin' to talk on no how, for everybody knows as that loveliness and sweetness becomes a woman in her habits and ways, so a bad disposition and a bad temper bein' of the natur of the devil, nobody can allow it and a sweet woman to occupy the same head and shoulders by no manner of means in the world.

Them are my notions any how, what's yourn, Mister Delta, 'bout the young gals as we all loves so, in the usin' of tobacco? I hope I havn't hurt any nice gal's nice feelin's in what I've writ, for its jist the rale truth, its the tobacco thar's to blame—the nasty, hateful weed. I would call it all sorts o' hard names if I thought it would do any good in inducin' of the lovely gals from defilin' their sweet mouths with it.

N. O. Delta.

Yours for sartain,

JOEL DARLIN.

#### BANVARD'S FORTUNES.

There was a young lad of fifteen, a fatherless, moneyless youth, to whom there came a very extraordinary idea, as he was floating for the first time down the Mississippi. He had read in some foreign journal that America could boast the most picturesque and magnificent scenery in the world, but that she had not yet produced an artist capable of delineating it. On this thought he pondered, and pondered, till his brain began to whirl; and as he glided along the shores of the stupendous river, gazing around him with wonder and delight, the boy resolved within himself that he would take away the reproach from his country—that he would paint the beauties and sublimities of his native land.

Some years passed away, and still John Bravard, for that was his name, dreamed of being a painter. What he was in his waking, working moments, we do not know—probably a mechanic; but, at all events, he found time to turn over and over again the great thought that haunted him; till at length, before he had yet attained his twenty-first year, it assumed a distinct and tangible shape in his mind, and he devoted himself to its realization. There mingled no idea of profit with his ambition, and, indeed, strange to say, we can learn nothing of any aspirations he may have felt after artistical excellence. His grand object, as he himself informs us, was to falsify the assertion that America had no "artists commensurate with the grandeur and extent of her scenery," and to accomplish this by producing *the largest painting in the world*.

John Bravard was born in New York and "raised in Kentucky;" but he had no patrons either among the rich merchants of the one, or the wild enthusiasts of the other, whose name has become a synonyme for all that is good, bad and ridiculous in the American character. He was self-taught and self-dependent; and when he determined to paint a picture of the shores of the Mississippi, which should be as superior to all others in point of size as that prodigious river is superior to the streamlets of Europe, he was obliged to betake himself for some time to trading and boating upon the mighty stream, in order to raise funds for the purchase of materials. But this was at length accomplished and the work begun. His first task was to make the necessary drawing, and in executing this he spent four hundred days in the manner thus described by himself:

"For this purpose he had to travel thousands of miles alone in an open skiff, crossing the rapid streams, in many places over two miles in width, to select proper points of sight from which to take this sketch; his hands became hardened with constantly plying the oar, and his skin as tawny as an Indian's, from exposure to the rays of the sun and the vicissitudes of the weather. He would be weeks together without speaking to a human being, having no other company than his rifle, which furnished him with his meat from the game of the woods or the fowls of the river. When the sun began to sink behind the lofty bluffs, and evening to approach, he would select some secluded sandy cove, overshadowed by the lofty cotton wood, draw out his skiff from the water, and repair to the woods to hunt his



supper. Having killed his game, he would return, dress, cook, and from some fallen log, would eat it with his biscuit, with no other beverage than the wholesome water of the noble river that glided by him. Having finished his lonely meal, he would roll himself in his blanket, creep under his frail skiff, which he turned over to shield him from the night dews, and with his portfolio of drawings for his pillow, and the sand of the bar for his bed, would sleep soundly till the morning, when he would arise from his lowly couch, eat his breakfast before the rays of the rising sun had dispersed the humid mist from the surface of the river, and then start fresh to his task again."

When the preparatory drawings were completed, he erected a building at Louisville in Kentucky, where he at length commenced his picture, which was to be a panorama of the Mississippi, painted on canvass *three miles long*: and it is noted, with a justifiable pride, that this proved to be a home production throughout, the cotton being grown in one of the Southern States, and the fabric spun and woven by the factory girls of Lowell. What the picture is as a work of art, we shall probably have an opportunity of ascertaining personally, as it is understood to be Mr. Banvard's intention to exhibit it in England; but, in the meantime, we must be satisfied to know that it receives the warmest eulogiums from the most distinguished of his own countrymen, and a testimony in favor of its correctness from the principal captains and pilots of the Mississippi. At the meeting in Boston in April last, Gen. Briggs, Governor of Massachusetts, who was in the chair, talked of it with enthusiasm, as "a wonderful and extraordinary production;" and Mr. Calhoun, President of the Senate, moved a series of resolutions expressive of "their high admiration of the boldness and originality of the conception, and the indefatigable perseverance of the young and talented artist in the execution of his Herculean work;" and these being warmly seconded by Mr. Bradbury, Speaker of the House of Representatives, were carried unanimously.

### Miscellaneous Articles.

#### QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN.

The following particulars relative to the young Queen of Spain are given in a letter from Madrid to the Constitutional:—"Isabella rises late, for she does not retire to rest until three or four o'clock in the morning. She sups at two o'clock. Parties who are to have audiences with her Majesty are almost sure to have to wait an hour or two beyond the time appointed; she treats even her Ministers in this way, and frequently they are sent away without having an audience, and again recalled at one or two o'clock in the morning. The Queen listens attentively to all her Ministers say to her, but nothing moves or interests her so much as any act of kindness which they may propose to her, or any rewards which they may suggest for virtues or courageous conduct. On these occasions Isabella always grants more than is asked. With all this kindness of disposition the young Queen is fearless, her courage is beyond all proof. She drives two and four horses in hand, is an intrepid horsewoman, and frequently challenges the best horsemen of her suit to do what she does, or to mount certain horses which she alone can succeed in subduing. Her cousin, the Infanta Donna Josepha, daughter of Don Francisco de Palas, who frequently accompanied her in her rides, one day said to her—

"Your horses know that you are the Queen, for they obey you in everything."

"Isabella is very fond of music, and she does not confine herself to listening to it. In all the concerts given at the Palace she sings Spanish airs with the grace of an Andalusian. Dress is also one of her delights. During her infancy, when her health was delicate, her mother, Queen Christina, would not allow her dressmaker to tighten her waist, but Isabella, in a whisper to her, used to say,

"Make it tight, make it tight."

"The active manner in which Queen Isabella spends her time has given her health and strength. Add to this a fine figure, the freshness of sixteen, and the embossment of eighteen or twenty. When spoken to of the dangers which may threaten the kingdom, she laughs, and replies—

"Occupy yourselves, gentlemen, with the country; for my part, I do not care either about being Queen or governing. Other monarchs have not wanted opportunities to live quietly and to have some happy moments. Think of what you have to do for Spain after my reign is finished; for I have a presentiment that it will not be a long one."

"Spaniards, however, hope that it will not be thus."

#### THE YANKEE AND THE SCULPTOR.

Clark, of the Knickerbocker, has a happy invention. In his last he gives the following colloquy between Powers, the sculptor, and a successful Yankee speculator who had "come over to see Europe." Scene, Powers's studio at Florence, and the artist at work upon the "Greek Slave." Enter stranger, spitting, and wiping his lips with his hand:

"Be yeon Mr. Powers, the sculpture?"

"I am a sculptor, and my name is Powers."

"Y-e-a-s; well, I spected so; they told me yeon was—y-e-a-s. Look here—drivin' a pretty stiff business, eh?"

"Sir?"

"I say, plenty to do, eh? What d's one o' them fetch?"

"Sir?"

"I ask't ye what's the price o' them sech as yeon're peckin' at neow."

"I am to have three thousand dollars for this when it is completed."

"What!—heow much?"

"Three thousand dollars."

"Three thousand dollars! Han't stawayary riz lately? I was callin' to purchase some, but it is tew high. How's paintin's? Guess I must git some paintin's. Three thousand dollars! Well, it is a trade, skulpin' is, that's sartain. What do they make yeon pay for yeonr tools and stuff? S'pect my oldest boy, Cephas, could skulp; 'fact I know he could. He is always whittlin' round, and cuttin' away at things. I wish you'd 'gree to take him as a 'prentice, and let him go at it full chisel. D'ye know where I'd be liable to put him eout? He'd cut stun a'ter a while with the best of ye, he would—and he'd make money, tew, at them prices. Three thousand dollars!"

The "sculpture" having informed his visitor that he was not desirous of taking an apprentice, the "anxious inquirer" departed.

*The Grief of an Old Soldier at the Death of his Commander, Col. Martin Scott.*—Passing over the battle-field of Molino del Rey, immediately after our victorious standard had been planted on the enemy's works, where lay the dead and wounded mingled together, says the Correspondent

of the Delta, my attention was attracted to different places, by the scenes of grief and sorrow—scenes which pained my feelings and shocked my sight—there I found many acquaintances, dead and wounded, whom I had seen but a short time previous full of health, and with buoyant spirits, marching at the head of their commands, in the strong hope that they would soon, by their noble deeds and heroic valor, achieve fame for themselves and glory for their country. But alas! how uncertain are the ways of life; there I found the strong youth and the aged veteran, who fell side by side to rise no more. Many of the most noble sons of the army, and the pride of the country's chivalry, there performed their last gallant acts on the stage of life. After going over a portion of the ground, and finding here and there a valued acquaintance, my attention was attracted to a gray-headed veteran, who was standing by the side of one who had fallen. He leisurely took his blanket from his back and spread it over the corpse with great care. I rode up to him and asked him whether that was an officer. He looked up, and every lineament of his face betokening the greatest grief, replied—"You never asked a question, sir, more easily answered; it is an officer." I then asked him who it was. He again replied—"The best soldier of the 5th Infantry, sir." I then alighted from my horse, and, uncovering the face, found it was Col. Martin Scott. As I again covered the face the old soldier continued, without apparently addressing himself to any person in particular—"They have killed him—they will be paid for this—if it only had been me—I have served with him almost four enlistments—but what will his poor family say?" And as he concluded thus the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, and the swelling of his boom showed how deeply he was affected by the death of his veteran and gallant commander. Could there have been anything more affecting than the grief of this soldier on the battle-field? and how truly sublime and eloquent was his reply to me, that it was "the best soldier of the 5th Infantry!" If the greatest orator of the age had dwelt upon the memory of our departed friend until he had exhausted his eulogy and eloquence, he could not have said anything which would make a greater impression on our feelings than did the reply of this soldier. Col. Martin Scott was among "the bravest of the brave;" he fought his way into the army in our last war with Great Britain; since that time he has been one of the brightest ornaments, and has signally distinguished himself in the war with Mexico, for which he has been promoted and brevetted.

*Theatrical Scandal.*—The "Herald," alluding to the death of Charles Taylor, late of Covent Garden Theatre, has the following strange and ignorant remarks: "He was," says the "Herald," "one of those instances of prudence and foresight so rarely found among his brethren, having laid aside from his professional earnings sufficient to support him in ease and respectability during his later years?" Prudence and foresight rarely found! Why, the green-room is at this very moment crammed with millionaires. There was a time, to be sure, when the actor and picturesque; but the improved actors of our day are bursting with money. We wish to create no prejudice against the brotherhood, certainly not; but it is our conscientious belief—and therefore we must express it—that the present scarcity of gold arises from the monopoly of the precious metals by London players. It is well known, for instance, that Mr. W. Farren narrowly escaped the late election for the Deputy-Governorship of the Bank of England. Two-thirds of the London Docks have just been purchased by T. P. Cooke—and John Cooper himself, having purchased all the shares of the New Company for the protection of the river Thames from fire, is compelled for a while to leave the stage, and attend to the gigantic speculation.

*The Most Distressing Failure of All.*—We regret to state that the house, or rather the attic, of Mr. Dunup has suspended its payments. We have seen a statement of the liabilities, which are not large, though rather numerous. Mr. Dunup's paper was in the hands of his newsmen, by whom it had been held as a security for a debt, ever since it came into his hands, for binding. Mr. Dunup's largest creditor—his laundress—holds security, in the shape of two shirts; but the realisation of this security cannot be effected in the present state of the market—Rag Fair—without a sacrifice. Mr. Dunup's credit had been a good deal shaken lately by his knocker, which has been going incessantly for the last fortnight. A creditor had it in his hands when the suspension of payment was announced—through the letter-box. Mr. Dunup assigns "the state of the matters in the city" as the primary cause of his failure, but he complains bitterly of the general want of confidence. He has announced to his creditors a hope that he shall soon be enabled "to resume;" but they say, they "hope he will not," and ask what is the use of his "resuming," when his goings on hitherto have ended in the present predicament? Mr. Dunup's affairs will be easily wound up, for his watch is understood to be the only thing he has got remaining.

*The Duke of Wellington's Marriage with Miss Coutts.*—Many true words are spoken in jest. Most people ridicule the idea of an union between the Duke of Wellington and Miss Coutts, but we have some reason for saying that it will, in all probability, come to pass. It is something to be the Duchess of Wellington, Princess of Waterloo, and wife of the greatest man of the age. We are told that the liberality of Miss Coutts in wishing to settle nearly all her famous fortune upon the Wellington family, has been the only obstacle to the match. Miss Coutts's nearest relatives are exceedingly wealthy, and without "prospects of families." The Duke's immediate successor, on the other hand, is childless, and not particularly high in his noble parent's favor. So that there may be some difficulty in the settlement of the Coutts's money, especially as his Grace is peculiarly strict in his notions of what is right in principle and proper in practice. It would be curious to see the warrior and statesman "settle down to business," the partnership of a banking concern. And apart from personal preference (there is no accounting for tastes) there may be some satisfaction in endowing the title of Wellington with a princely fortune, and associating with the immortality of its name that of Burdett Coutts. His Grace is noted for his gallantry, and likely to possess the regard of the lady in question, as he commands the respect and admiration of thousands—and the lady herself has arrived at the years of discretion. After all, were the Iron Duke a trifle younger, we do not see why the daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, with worlds of riches to recommend her, independently of qualities, of which we know nothing, may not become Duchess of Wellington; thus giving to a dukedom, what the Duchess of St. Albans withheld from her lord, his heirs, and assigns.

*A Witty Compliment.*—Some one asked Col. G— of the Boston Editorial corps, what he thought of the highly accomplished and talented, but somewhat masculine Miss Charlotte C—, the distinguished American actress, who had just been introduced to him. "She is a perfect gentleman," was the reply. Yankee Blade.



**How to Get Rid of a Place-Hunter.**—One of the Secretaries of State for the United States struck out a good mode of getting rid of an intruder in a particular case. It appears that the door-keeper of the secretary's office was remarkably obliging, which proved quite the thing for a rabid office-seeker, who managed to get in every day and bother the secretary. When the annoyance had continued three or four days, the secretary stepped up one morning to the door-keeper, and inquired whether he knew what the man came after daily.

"Yes," said the functionary, "an office, I suppose."

"True; but do you know what office?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, I will tell you—he wants your place."

The meeting next morning between the office-seeker and the polite door-keeper is said to have been rich, from the peculiar manner in which the intruder was informed the secretary was not at home.

**Incredible Marriage.**—A woman, who has been married several years, has appeared before one of the tribunals of Paris, with a complaint of the recent discovery that her husband was a female! The circumstances developed in the examination were very curious. It appears that in the most crowded quarter of Paris, the complainant, when very young, was sought in marriage by a well known tailor.

The lover was not yet twenty, of lively, amiable and gallant manners, of handsome figure, and particularly elegant in his dress. The parents consented and the marriage was celebrated with usual gaiety. The ceremony was particularly remembered in the neighborhood by the fact that the bridegroom chanced to be called upon, the very next morning, to draw lots for enlistment in the army, and by happy chance, drew a blank and was excepted. Life went on very agreeably in the young household, for two or three years, and the bantering enquiries of the matrons and relatives were, from time to time, received with what passed for a modest affectation of simplicity; but a sudden illness of the amiable husband called a physician into the house, and the sex of the patient was declared. The young wife, deeply mortified as well as astonished, presented her request to the court that she might be permitted to plead in her own name in the prosecution, which was granted. The culprit appeared before the judge in proper female dress, and so feminine were the voice, the gestures and the manner of the rather pretty respondent, that the court had great difficulty in believing that the disguise had been for years successfully played. What penalty the law can inflict it is difficult to say, or whether, if a lady has, (as Rosalind had not) "a doublet and hose in her disposition," she may not sport it to any extent, short of commission of some other crime in law.

Home Journal.

**Jenny Lind at Norwich.**—Mlle Lind's singing was so attractive at Norwich, that a desire for a third concert was generally expressed, and, as she had a day at her disposal, she consented to remain and sing at a morning concert, on the Saturday. This concert, the prices being reduced one-half, in consequence of the terms with the lady being more advantageous to the managers, was more numerous attended than either of the others. It appeared scarcely possible that another person could have been got into the hall. The same enthusiastic reception of the singing of Mlle. Lind as attended the other concerts was evinced on this occasion, and she was loudly cheered at the close. And now we have to relate an instance of noble generosity on the part of Mlle Lind, which noble as it is, is only on a par with all that we have heard of her. The terms of her engagement were £1,000 for the two evening concerts, and £200 for that on Saturday. Of the former sum she gave, unsolicited, £200 to the charities of our ancient city, and the latter she gave up entirely. When Mr. Hall and Mr. Godge waited upon her with a cheque for £1,200, she told them that, as she understood, at the earnest recommendation of one of the patrons, the prices of admission to the evening concerts had been less than was originally intended, being in fact, lower than at any other place which she had visited she was sure the profits of the managers by her engagement had not been so much as they ought to have been, and she therefore declined to take the £200 for Saturday's engagement, and wished to pay £50 towards the expenses of the extra printing, advertising, &c., rendered necessary by the postponement of the first concert on account of her illness. Mr. Hall positively refused to accept the latter sum, or any portion of it; but the former, was deducted from the amount of the cheque; and, on £1,000 being paid to Mlle. Lind, she handed over £200 to the Bishop to be divided among the charities of Norwich.

**A Welsh Magistrate.**—A traveller having made an excellent supper at an inn in north Wales, observed, that "nobody could have made a better."

"Stop, stop," said the landlord, "you are in Wales, sir; and must not make personal comparisons, without adding, the Mayor excepted."

"No!" rejoins the other, "I'll except neither mayor nor alderman; I say no man could have made a better supper than I have done."

"Will you not?" said boniface, "then let me tell you you'll be fined five shillings."

"Fined or confined, it matters not, I'll not except a soul of them."

The landlord made his bow and exit; but the next morning summoned his guest before the mayor for this act of petty treason, and the fine was in consequence exacted and paid; when the traveller turning round to the landlord in open court thus addressed him:—

"I have travelled through the greater part of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and, except the identical animal that chews the thistle, I have never met with so egregious an ass as you are, landlord," and then turning with an air of profound reverence to the bench, he added, "the mayor excepted."

**How to get the Legion of Honor.**—Last Tuesday Louis Philippe, accompanied by the Duke de Montpensier and the Prince de Joinville, reviewed on the Place du Carrousel and in the Tuileries Court several regiments that are about to quit the capital and Versailles for other garrisons. A rather ominous occurrence is stated by the "Siècle" to have taken place on the occasion. When the King was about, as usual, to lavish his crosses of the Legion of Honor on officers and soldiers, a Colonel of cavalry approached his Majesty, and loudly demanded the decoration for his Lieut.-Colonel and Major, who, said he, had been forgotten. "I grant the cross to those officers, Colonel," replied Louis Philippe, "make them advance." The King then conferred the crosses on them. Immediately after, the Minister of War approached the bold Colonel, and desired him to consider himself under arrest for a fortnight, when he coolly answered, "I expected it."

**Death of the Spanish Entremetteuse Teresita.**—The once powerful favorite of Maria Christina, the well known modiste, Teresita—or, as she was more familiarly called, Teresita—died a day or two ago in Madrid.

She had become, three or four years ago, a member of the Order of Charity, but quitted the sisterhood some time before her death. She was a woman of some talent, and of much intrigue, political and otherwise; but, as the cautious manager of the amours of her former mistress, and the contriver of her secret interviews with the soldier Munoz, she was particularly useful. She is said to have complained of the ingratitude and avarice of the Duchess de Rianzares, and to have often said she could discover secrets respecting that woman which would surprise the world, familiar as the world is with her vices.

**Value of Queen Victoria's Crown.**—Twenty diamonds around the circle, £1,500 each..... £30,000  
Two large centre diamonds, £2,000 each..... 4,000  
Fifty-four small diamonds placed at the angles of the former... 100  
Four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds..... 12,000  
Four large diamonds on the tops of the crosses..... 40,000  
Twelve diamonds contained in the fleur-de-lis..... 10,000  
Eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same..... 2,000  
Pearls, diamonds, &c., on the arches and crosses..... 10,000  
One hundred and forty diamonds on the mound..... 5,000  
Twenty-six diamonds on the upper cross..... 3,000  
Two circles of pearls about the rim..... 300

Total..... £111,000

A Montpellier paper gives an account of a young man of that place, named Louis Mulhan, an apprentice to a stone-cutter, who has evinced a most extraordinary talent for sculpture, and who bids fair to acquire a high degree of reputation in that art. The circumstance came to light in rather a curious manner. For some time past, it had been frequently noticed, that small blocks of stone had been removed from the work-shop without any one noticing what had become of them. One day, however, a bas-relief of extraordinary beauty was found lying in the shop; and on an inquiry being instituted, Mulhan avowed that it was his work, and that it was he who had taken the pieces of stone which had been missed. A few days afterwards, he requested his master to give him a block of stone, in order to cut a representation of a battle of which he had dreamt. This was done, and he has just completed the subject in a most masterly manner. The composition of the subject is admirably arranged; and the various details of the combat brought out in a manner which has astonished every one who has seen it.

**A Booby Writer.**—The following is a literal copy of an address, taken from a letter that passed through the Dover Post-office on Tuesday evening last:—"To Miss Elizabeth Arnel Tilmantstone near Sanwich this letter to be safely conveyed unto E H without being wet, bent, or disshaped this letter is not to be turned up Mr. Postman you may wonder why these words I reply let it be glass or what it matters not this letter is not to be forgot Mr. Postman when taking this letter to Elizabeth Arnel put your hand to your hat saying take that miss—P P"

Dover Chronicle.

A journeyman gunsmith at Saint Etienne, a few days ago, under the influence of insanity, broke all the furniture of his apartment, and threw the fragments out of the window. Then, taking up a pistol, he placed himself before a looking-glass, and, seeing his own reflection, exclaimed, "I will shoot myself," and fired, falling to the ground with the splinters of the glass, and exclaiming, "I am dead!" From that moment he has believed himself to have gone to another world, and refuses all nourishment, saying that dead men never eat.

Galiganani.

Capt Tobin, in his "Notes from my Knapsack," tells the following odd anecdote:—

The Mississippians have the credit of being the steadiest and most exemplary regiment in the service. At one of the late meetings of their teetotal society, many of the members delivered themselves of their "experience," and one of the interesting individuals wound up by saying—

"You can't consave, gentlemen, what a devil for the drink I was afore I jined yez. I used to thrive a jingle between Dublin and Dunleary, afore them railroads (bad luck to 'em) were invinted, and may I never butther a paraty, if I didn't often git up of a mornin', widout the price of the oats for the ould mare, and the sketch of whiskey for meself; so I had to toss up which of us 'ud go widout; but one thing I can say, gentlemen, wid a clane breast—whinever the ould mare won, by jabers I niver chated her out of the oats."

**Napoleon's Opinion of Marshal Soult.**—In the Home Journal we find a passage purporting to have been derived from the forthcoming records by Gen. Montholon of the private conversation of Napoleon at St. Helena. It is thus given:—

"I did not commit in Spain," said the Emperor, "the fault of too great rapidity of operations, but the fault was in their growing too sluggish after my departure. If I had remained a month or two longer I should have taken Lisbon and Cadiz, reunited parties and restored peace. The guerrillas did not combine until a year after my departure, and they were the result of French pillage, disorder and abuses, of which the marshals themselves set the example, in total disregard of my severest orders. I ought to have made an example and shot Soult, the greatest robber of them all. The corps of Marshal Suchet, who occupied Valencia, never were in want of anything, because he dealt with the people of the country in honest integrity and maintained complete discipline among his troops."

Napoleon is again quoted thus:—

"Soult is a good counsellor, both in matters of political management and military measure, but a bad hand at executing the commission given him. He might have taken the English army at Roncevaux and given Wellington a severe lesson. At Toulouse, also, he should have utterly crushed the English forces. He missed these two easy occasions of establishing his renown as a soldier. We have no good generals-in-chief in the French army; no one of them has education enough—they are all self-made men. It is true that natural genius can do much, but it cannot do every thing."

"Nephew," said a down-east farmer, to a lop-sided youth who had been quartered, on him for the last six weeks, and resisted all gentle hints that his stay had been prolonged quite sufficiently, "I'm afraid you'll never come to see me again."

"Why, uncle, how can you say so? Don't I come to see you every winter."

"Yes, but I'm afraid you'll never go away."

"I am afraid I shall come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman.

"I have come to want already," was the reply, "I want your daughter!" The old lady opened her eyes.



**Death of Frederic Soulie.**—This well-known novelist, poet and journalist, died on the 23d of September, at Paris, aged 46. He was a man of high social as well as literary abilities, and extremely beloved by a large circle of the bright minds of the French capital. Our able contemporary, Mons. Gaillardet, of the "Courrier des Etats Unis," mentions at the commencement of a long obituary notice, that Soulie came forward in a most generous manner, in 1834, and acted as his second in a duel with Alexander Dumas.

**Obituary.**—We record with deep regret the death of Crawford Livingston, Esq., of Livingston & Wells, and Livingston, Wells and Co., of this city. To the enterprise, judgement and perseverance of this gentleman and his surviving partner, Mr. Wells, we owe the establishment of one of the most extensive Express lines in this country, and the vast benefits which have been conferred by its means on the commercial community at large. Nor has the enterprise failed of ensuring a proportionate reward for their exertions.

Mr. Livingston's was taken ill on his return, from Canada some weeks since, and stopped to recruit himself at the house of his father, at Livingston, near Hudson; but his disease, after having assumed on several occasions a very flattering appearance, finally took a shape that gave his friends great alarm, and deprived them of all hope of his recovery.

We understand his remains will be brought down to this city, and interred at the Greenwold Cemetery, where a beloved son, the idol of his heart, has already found a resting place.

JAS. G. MOUNTAIN, one of our Agents, is fully authorized to collect subscription and obtain subscribers for this Journal.

**MARRIED.**—On Sunday evening, 31st ult., by his Honor Judge FRENCH, Mr. JOSIAH P. MENDUM, of Boston, to Miss ELIZABETH MUNN, of this city. Philadelphia and Cincinnati papers please copy.

**MARRIED.**—At Devonshire, on the 7th ult., by the Rev. JOSEPH F. LIGHTBOURN, Mr. ROBERT WARD, of Halifax, N. S. (Editor of the Bermuda Herald,) to ISABELLA NEWTON, daughter of the late B. S. WILLIAMS, Esq., of Bermuda. Also, at the same time and place, Mr. WILLIAM A. WILLIAMS, to Jane, daughter of the late GEORGE HARVEY, Esq., of Jamaica.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 9½ a 9½ per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1847.

By the arrival of the steamship *Caledonia*, at Boston, from Liverpool, we have twelve days later intelligence from England. The news is highly important and interesting, particularly that portion relative to financial and commercial affairs.

**Commercial and Financial Intelligence.**—The disastrous monetary pressure recorded in our last advices, has continued to rage with unabated severity, involving several additional failures, among which we have to announce the stoppage of—

Thomas, Son, & Lefure, an old Brazil house.  
De Jersey & Co., of Manchester.  
Barclay, Brothers, & Co., London, whose liabilities are put down at £450,000.  
Little & Coalso, of London.  
J. & W. Morley, Manchester, warehousemen, of Manchester.  
L. Phillips, Sons, & Co., London.  
Mocatha & Son, of Liverpool.  
Southern, of Ashton-under-Lyne.  
E. & J. Andrews, Manchester.  
White & Co., Waterford, &c.

We may avoid further enumeration by stating that altogether fifty-five houses have either broken down or suspended payment since the departure of the last steamer. The Royal Bank of Liverpool has been compelled to suspend payment. At present it is impossible to give anything like a reliable statement of the position of the establishment, but it is understood to possess assets sufficient to meet all its liabilities.

In the present state of universal confusion and alarm, it can well be conceived how deeply manufacturing operations have been effected, and business appears to be quite at a stand still, without the slightest prospect of a reaction, although good orders are stated to be held by many firms; but in the present position of monetary affairs they abstain from executing them. Indeed, the pressure for money has been so great, that sales have been forced, for cash, at prices considerably below the lowest ordinary quotations.

Sir Robert Peel honoured Liverpool with a visit on Friday last, and was sumptuously entertained at the Town Hall. The object of his visit had express relation to the monetary condition of the town, and to the best means by which trade could be relieved.

The Lord Mayor of London gave a splendid entertainment to the Duke of Cambridge and a large company on Saturday week. The invitation included his Excellency the American Minister and three Polish Princes. Mr. Bancroft's health was proposed, and his address was very warmly received. His Excellency has had two interviews with the Chancellor of the Exchequer this month.

Parliament has been prorogued till the 11th November, when it will be further adjourned till January, for the despatch of business.

The Mayor of Liverpool, attended by one of the representatives and five of the leading merchants of the place, proceeded to London on the evening of the 18th, for the purpose of representing to the government the deplorable condition of mercantile affairs.

The prospects for Ireland during the approaching winter are gloomy enough. Famine in an aggravated form had already re-appeared, and the Queen's letter issued, commanding general collections to be made in the church establishment.

In Italy, Ferrara is about to be completely evacuated by the Austrian troops, and the Pope will be reserved undisturbed in his career of civil and administrative reform.

The civil war in Switzerland is still impending, and serious disturbances have taken place in the Two Sicilies.

In Spain, Espartero has been suddenly displaced from the head of the new ministry, and Navarez installed in his stead. French influence has been again successful in that country.

By a telegraphic despatch, we learn of the arrival of the *Ashland* at New Orleans. It is expected that the *Orleans* will bring news from Gen. Scott. The following extracts contain everything of importance brought by the *Ashland*:

Dr. Galvin, a native of Havana, escorted to Jalapa the family of Mr. Castro, who had been seized by the guerillas, and severely treated by them.

The principal Mexican Generals and leading men have gone to Cuernavaca, seven leagues south of the capital.

About a dozen of Captain Hayne's Texan Rangers, encountered some two hundred guerillas at Santa Fe, and dispersed them rapidly by the use of their Colt's revolvers.

Lieut. Jenkins died at Vera Cruz on the 18th ult. of Yellow fever.

Metamoras papers of the 16th, say that Gov. Randall had safely deposited the government moneys at Monterey, and that the road between Camargo and Monterey was undisturbed.

But few cases of yellow fever have occurred at Matamoras.

Letters from General Wool's quarters at Buena Vista had been received, but contains nothing new.

Mr. Tisdale was accidentally killed at Saltillo on the 31st ult.

The propellor Walker left the Brazos on the 22nd, with Lieut. Col. Randall on board as passenger.

The *Flag* of the 20th says there is no abatement of the fever—Capt. H. Churchill died of it at Point Isabel.

There was a report at Matamoras that the army mail containing some important letters was captured at Pasa Gallos, by the Mexicans.

The steamer *Alabama* has arrived at New Orleans. She sailed from Vera Cruz on the 20th.

General Patterson expected to commence his march into the interior on the 24th.

The *Genius of Liberty* has files from Mexico to the 7th. Profound tranquility reigned. As soon as government was organised, the fact was announced to the foreign ministers, to whom the representatives expressed friendly relations. The British minister replied in satisfactory terms.

The *Genius* was informed by a gentleman who left Mexico on the 7th, that the decree which ordained that Penay Pena should take charge of the supreme power in conjunction with two associates, had been repealed, and Santa Anna again called to assume the reins of government, and command the army.

Paredes was in Tulancingo endeavouring to establish the monarchical system of government. He has of late received some important converts to his political principles.

Valencia was at his hacienda taking no part in national affairs. Bravo is in Mexico, quiet, on parole.

The semblance of a Mexican Congress or government met according to appointment at Queretaro on the 5th. There not being any thing like a quorum, nothing was done.

The feelings of the people are said to be strenuously opposed to any compromise with the Americans.

From the same source the "Genius" learns that Gen. Lane's force on the 11th was at Huamantla, a town half way between Perote and Puebla, and that Santa Anna was there, but evacuated it immediately on the appearance of the Americans, leaving two pieces of artillery and two prisoners, Cols. Vega and Iturbide.

Santa Anna had a thousand cavalry, and was subsequently reinforced by 1500 men. Reyes was in command again, and took possession of the town after Lane's departure, and following up his rear, killed 70 men, principally American stragglers.

Rea sallied out of Puebla at the head of a considerable force, and was awaiting the approach of Gen. Lane, whose flank and rear were constantly harassed by the Mexicans.

The "Picayune" published two important circulars from Penay Pena and the Secretary of State, being expositions of the views and policy of the new administration.

The Texan Rangers, about whom apprehensions were entertained at last accounts, had returned safely.

### MUSIC AND THE FINE ARTS.

**PARK THEATRE.**—By some unaccountable mystery which we cannot explain, the article prepared for last week has not yet found its way to the printing office. We can only regret this unfortunate delay, as we are not always able to command a flow of critical acumen alike creditable to ourselves and worthy of our subscribers. However, we will resume our remarks from the last fortnight, hoping that, for the future, our articles will reach their address, and duly appear before the discerning musical public. Since the appearance of Madame Bishop's Opera Company at the Park, we have already had three great operas—"Norma," "La Sonnambula," and "Lucrezia Borgia,"—the first and last in Italian, and the other in English. However, nothing can be more amusing than to hear a part of her troupe Italianizing English, while the others are equally certain to Anglicize the Italian. Notwithstanding the philosophical system of M. Agais, we cannot believe that one compensates the other. Mrs. B. alone pronounces equally well English and Italian, as a singer, for we should not forget that lyric declamation differs from the language of conversation.

This great singer surprised us most agreeably in Norma. We knew, indeed, that she was a good actress, but we had no idea that she was a sublime tragedian. We are rather fastidious, but we pronounce unconditionally, that neither Malibran nor Grisi ever surpassed, in the last act, Madame Anna Bishop. Valtellini is equally most excellent in this strikingly dramatic performance. Every one will allow that Mrs. B. is a singer of the first order, a soprano truly "di cartello," joining at once the science of singing to the highest art of tragedy and theatrical effect, all of which makes an artist out of the common order. How comes it, then, that this sterling performer is not universally appreciated? One reason is, that criticism is too often partial, for motives which it is not worth our while to present to analyse; and again, the judges are sometimes most culpably ignorant, reminding us forcibly of the Phrygian King of the Fable; and, finally, among all the eminent qualities which Madame B. possesses, t her



is one grand defect: she makes too frequent use of the head voice, and is not always strictly correct. She has at times a certain tendency to sing rather sharp, the G particularly, is often too high. But for those few exceptions of doubtful notes, how many pages of the most faultless merit! Hence we do not hesitate to say, in putting aside Madame Damoreau Cinti, who every where would be excepted, we have never heard in this country an artist comparable with Mrs. Bishop. "Casta Diva," executed with marvellous effect, appeared to give universal satisfaction; we, however, will beg to differ from this general opinion, because Mrs. B. sings it in G, and if our ear does not deceive us, in one of her cadenzas, she reaches as high as E. This is undoubtedly wonderful, but entirely out of character with the piece, which is written in F, and for a "mezzo soprano." The execution is truly marvellous, but the effect proposed by the author is entirely lost sight of. The fault, however, is more in the natural voice than in the artist. We have said above, that in the closing scene of Norma the great songstress carried us completely away—we say carried us away, though we have many many times heard Giulia Grisi in this very part, which is considered her best.

In "La Sonnambula" Mrs. B. gave us the same satisfaction, particularly in the 2d act; but the whole opera did not as completely satisfy us as Norma. This was perhaps owing to our having heard, for the first time, the harmonious score by Bellini, translated and arranged for the English stage, and more so by European indelible impressions.

As to "Lucrezia Borgia," we did not like it at all, although Mrs. B. sustained her part in the most satisfactory manner, both as a singer and a tragedian. By-the-bye, here is indeed a Lucrezia! not at all like the delicate and inexperienced girl that we have been in the habit of seeing at Palm's. What an excellent opportunity for all the singers in the neighborhood to profit by the lessons given every evening by Mrs. B.! Would they know, indeed, how to take advantage of them?

The Company of Mrs. B. is only "mediocre;" it is, however, quite respectable, when we compare it with what is generally offered on these boards. Miss Korsinski is not exactly *bad*, but she is timid, awkward upon the stage—her musical education is scarcely concluded, her voice wants suppleness, lightness, and, moreover, she has that most disagreeable of all faults, that of "quivering her notes." This artist, however, with perseverance, a firm rule and a good master, may in time become a tolerably good singer.

Valtellini is always the same. His voice is very fine, but heavy. We would advise him to mistrust his cadenzas, especially the one in his cavatina in the first act of the Sonnambula. His enunciation and his acting are always good, but his intonations are not always true.

The new tenor, Mr. Reeves, has a delicious chest voice, young, fresh, and full of beauty; but his "falsetto" is very bad. After Mr. Fraser, we have no right to be severe; we cannot, however, refrain from saying that, as a singer, Mr. Reeves is as yet but a scholar. He frequently takes his breath out of place, and attacks each note separately, and thus breaks the interest and the melodious sense of each phrase. In Norma, particularly, this fault fatigues the ear. We think, however, that if Mr. R. receives lessons during some time, from Mrs. B. and Bochsa, he will soon become the best living English tenor. But he must not be called before the curtain, to make him fancy that he has nothing yet to learn, when, on the contrary, we can as yet only applaud in him a most delicious natural gift.

As "Lucrezia Borgia" will not be performed any more, it is almost useless to speak of Mrs. Macfarren, the contralto, who has disappointed us in the extreme. The famous drinking song, as sung by her, was a perfect piece of bad taste.

On Wednesday evening, in addition to "La Sonnambula," Mrs. Bishop gave the favorite duett of "Il fanatico per la musica," with the good Sigr. De Begnis. It was a real gem, and loudly and deservedly applauded.

"Il Barbiere" could not be given this week. It will be performed with a powerful cast at the end of this month, when Mrs. Bishop's Company will be returned from Boston, where they are expected next week.

**BROADWAY THEATRE.**—This theatre is on the high road to fortune and favor; crowds gather there every evening to applaud the new ballet. Indeed, never before have we had a troupe of dancers altogether so well ordered as that of Mr. Bartholomin. Fanny Elssler was indeed a far superior artist to Madame Monplaisir; but Elssler was very badly supported, while Madame Monplaisir is only the most beautiful *mirror* of a talented and graceful group of professors. During this last fortnight the French ballet has produced but two divertissements—the first, entitled "L'Almee," offers us nothing new in invention. It is the old story of a young girl introduced as a slave in the harem of a Sultan, whose ready wit she rejects with scorn, preferring to owe to her charms and to love the Sultan, which she finally gains over him. Thus the slave becomes sovereign, and the Sultan is reduced to slavery, but both are well content, and the comedy, dating public also. The plot in ballet is nothing, however, but a pretext for introducing choregraphic evolutions, more or less interesting. Those of L'Almee are agreeable, varied, and in excellent taste. A market of adalids, the unhappy and grotesque bore of a merchant, for the proud Hayda, the seizure of this young woman, her introduction into the harem, the power she exerts over the Sultan, to whom she appears in a dream under the form of a divinity of the Mahometan paradise; these are the principal episodes of this ballet, which concludes with a charming dance called the Zingarella. Notwithstanding the success of the Zingarella, we prefer the grand scene of the vision, danced with boldness and talent by Mr. and Ma-

dame Monplaisir. The comic dance of the first act, of Mr. Corby, is very amusing and excessively picturesque.

After the Oriental ballet of L'Almee came the pastoral ballet of "La Jeune Dalmate." The subject of this last is no newer than the other. Count Eric adores the daughter of a Dalmatian farmer, although, or perhaps because, she is betrothed to a gardener. The 1st act, composed of two tableaux, is occupied in village fetes, and attempts on the part of the Count to withdraw the father and to carry off the daughter, Elina, which at last he succeeds in doing. In the 2d act, the father of course arrives at the chateau. He enters just in the midst of a ball, and tears his daughter from the hands of the Count, and carries her back despairing to the village. The Count shortly after arrives, and puts an end to her regrets by offering to her his castle, his fortune, his heart, and his hand. The "tedowa" and the "polka," in the 1st act, and the trio "pas nobles" in the 2d, are the most striking features of this divertissement.

A few words upon the "personnel" of the troupe. Mr. Bartholomin, choregraphic composer of great celebrity, directs personally the execution of his work, by taking in it a secondary part, and simply as "mime." M. Grossi, an excellent "mime" also, takes the part of old men. Mr. Corby, the comic dancer, full of agility, drollery, and fun, is one of the most valuable and most amusing aids of the Monplaisirs. Miss Anna Bulan is a useful second dancer; but the two stars of the company are Madame and Mr. Monplaisir. Young, pretty, quite well formed, Madame Monplaisir pleases immediately; as a dancer she has studied faithfully, and it is easily seen that she has taken lessons of a skilful master. What she wants is a style of her own. It is not, however, given to every one to create an original and characteristic school, and if Madame Monplaisir is neither a Taglioni, an Elssler, a Cerito, a Carlotta Grisi, nor a Lucie Grahn, we think we may mention her immediately after these celebrated names. Mr. Monplaisir is small, of rather an agreeable figure, and dances with great spirit and talent. His manner approaches the nearest to Albert, who charmed, a few years ago, "l'Academie Royale."

The music of L'Almee is very ordinary; that of La Jeune Dalmate is more spirited. The orchestra, unfortunately, is sadly deficient, especially the violins.

On Monday was produced a grand "pas de deux," called "Le Contrebandier Espagnol"; we have not seen this Spanish Smuggler, but we have been told it is a delightful divertissement.

**MODEL ARTISTS.**—Much has been said and written lately on the subject of Collyer's exhibitions. The Journal of Commerce, and even the Courier and Enquirer, have exclaimed against their immorality, &c.; and Powers' statue, even, has not escaped this anathema. There is much exaggeration in all of this pleading in favor of modesty. As for ourselves, we do not believe there is any crime in visiting the Venus de Medici at Florence, and all the galleries of sculpture and painting which are now, and which will ever be, the glory of Italy. A beautiful statue or a beautiful picture, representing men or women in all the graceful simplicity of natural beauty, can inspire unchaste thoughts only in the minds of the libertine and the debauchee. When the depraved eye discovers food for the corrupt senses, the artist perceives finished perfection, which raises his thoughts above earth to the Sovereign Creator, the only Inspirer of true beauty. It is precisely for the reason that we admire and adore the beautiful, physical, moral, and intellectual, we abhor and denounce the deformed—deformed in thought or in form, that we see no harm in visiting the galleries of Europe or the exhibitions of Dr. Collyer, chaste, although living representation, of the blessed above, of the painters and sculptors of ancient and modern times. Among the pictures which we have seen, we noticed Adam's first sight of Eve, Sappho, the Lute player, Cupid and Psyche, Neptune and Amphitrite, &c. To judge of them by several faithful copies which we have often admired in Europe, they are most perfectly exact, and thus become a course of history of the art, most valuable to those who are engaged in painting and sculpture. We would advise all national artists to profit by the very instructive entertainments of Dr. Collyer, who has engaged Palm's Opera House.

**ART UNION.**—The Art Union gallery has been lately removed to No. 497 Broadway, and is now daily visited by crowds of amateurs. This new room is large, convenient, and well lighted, and will undoubtedly contribute to increase the success of this popular and favorite association. We had not time yet to examine properly all the paintings exhibited, but we have admired at a first glance a cattle piece, and two very fine dogs by Mr. Hinckley, a log cabin by Mr. Cole, and a landscape composition by Mr. Durand, the worthy president of the National Academy of Design. These four paintings are too striking to pass unnoticed even in a most rapid inspection, and prove how fast this young country is improving in one of the most difficult branches of the fine arts.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—We have received the fifty Annual Report of this capital Society, and see with pleasure the fine situation of their affairs. We only regret that a Music catalogue has not been published in full, because we do not remember exactly all the pieces bought or performed before; but if we are not mistaken, we have not heard much of the Italian and French schools until now. This is a fault; such authors like Cherubini, Lesueur, Mehul, Herold, Rossini, Boieldieu, Berlioz, &c., ought not to be neglected. Some overtures of these composers are worth the finest symphonies of the German school, and would be even more appreciated by the mass of the subscribers. Mehul's "Jeune Henri" and Berlioz's "Carnaval romain" should certainly cre-



ate the greatest sensation, if properly executed; we could mention several other pieces of an equal merit, and which are performed in every Philharmonic Society of Europe. We hope this observation coming from a real friend will be favorably received by the managing Committee, constituted in the following way for the coming year:—

Messrs. H. C. Timm, President; A. Boucher, Vice-president; J. L. Ensign, Secretary; D. Walker, Treasurer; T. Goodwin, Librarian; F. C. Wöhning and E. Woolf, Assistants.

**Messrs. Herz and Sivori's Concerts.**—This is activity, or we do not know what it is. The concert given by these celebrated artists on Thursday evening was their two hundredth, their one hundred and ninety-ninth having taken place on Tuesday last, in that very same gloomy room, the Tabernacle. On both occasions it was a perfect bumper, and a rich musical treat. In fact, the two brother virtuoses are exhausting every combination possible, to render their soirees exceedingly attractive and the despair of their present and future competitors. As if their own names were not enough to fill the house, they offer to the public the richest programmes ever presented to our community. On Tuesday it was Mr. Knoop and Mrs. Otto; on Thursday, Mr. Knoop again, with Mad. Pico and two new debutants, Messrs. Macfarren and Rossi.

Every thing has been said about Messrs. Herz and Sivori, and it is useless to speak of their merits. We have only to remark, that the more Sivori appears before our public the more he is applauded. On Thursday evening he created a real *furor*, a true *fanatismo*. After de Beriot's *tremolo*, he was loudly ercored, and obliged to perform another piece, which was a kind of an *étude de concert*. We don't know whose it is, but we are sure it is his own composition. The *tremolo* was admirable; we consider this piece and *il campanello* as the two best of Sivori's, and every one seemed of our opinion the other evening.

On Tuesday night Mr. Herz performed on one of his *pianos*, and we regretted it for the sake of the artist, who was, however, as sweet and pleasant as when he plays on his grand pianos.

Mr. Knoop is a capital musician, and the best violoncello player who ever gave concerts in this country; but, for some reason or other, we were never entirely satisfied with him from the beginning to the end, though we appreciate his masterly execution.

Mrs. Pico's voice is better than last winter, and with her natural animation, her singing will always please, generally. The barytone, Mr. Rossi, has the fault of Mr. Dubreuil and Miss Korsinski; this tremulous monomania wants to be cured, inasmuch as it seems to be contagious.

Mr. Macfarren's "Chevy Chace" is a descriptive overture. The instrumentation is good, and this is the work of a competent musician; unfortunately, Mr. Macfarren belongs, with many others, to a school which attempts to put the head in the place of the heart. The Germans may say that Rossini is ignorant; but Spohr, Mendelssohn, and their followers, will never have the melodic genius of William Tell's author. We should like to hear, in one of the next Philharmonic concerts, the "Chevy Chace" and the overture to "le jeune Henri" in the same evening: the parallel would be interesting, and our observation would become sensible to every one.

### Literary Notices.

**Campaign Sketches of the War with Mexico.**—By Capt. W. S. Henry, U. S. A.—Harper & Brothers.—This agreeable and spirited volume seems to be the result of rough notes and journals kept by the author in Camp, written as intervals of leisure allowed. There is an easy, off-hand, soldier-like air about the "Sketches" that cannot fail to interest and please; and there is moreover no mean amount of information relating to the movements of the Army during the earlier actions at Buena Vista, Monterey, &c. Capt. Henry is already not unknown to the world of letters, he having contributed a series of cleverly written letters from the "Seat of War" to the N. Y. "Spirit of the Times." We commend his pleasant book to all who are curious to know the doings of Generals Taylor and Scott. The illustrations to the volume are more than usually well executed and convey a good notion of localities.

**Beauties of the Opera.**—Atwill, of 261 Broadway, has sent us the fifth number of the popular musical monthly, and after a careful examination of the work we find that the publisher has fulfilled his promise to the Public. It is a work of a highly popular character, containing so much that is excellent as to raise it to the highest standard of taste. The amateur will find it an interesting study, and the formation of a correct and excellent school. The Professor will find it both vocally and instrumentally adapted to teaching. We subjoin a list of contents of the number before us:—

"My heart with fond emotion, guardo it destino—as sung by Jenny Lind in La fille du Regiment: by Donizetti." "The Camp was my Home, sul campo Guerrier—as sung by Jenny Lind in La fille du Regiment: by Donizetti." "The Lament for Home, I've left the snow clad hills—sung by Jenny Lind: composed by Linley." "Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind's Galop Polka: composed by Jullien."

The subscription is Five Dollars a year, or Fifty Cents for single copy. The work will be forwarded to any part of the country.

We have received two of Dempster's delightful songs—"The Rainy Day" and "The Dying Child and the Angel of Death"—the poetry of the latter by Mary Howitt.

We have Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, and Godey's Lady's Bock—they both sustain their reputation.

**The Playmate.**—No. 3.—This is a very prettily illustrated serial work, intended for children—but some of the lessons might well be taken by "children of a larger growth." It is for sale by Berford & Co., Astor House.

**The American Citizen**—his true position, character and duties. This is a discourse delivered at Union College in July last, by Theodore Sedwick, and everything that proceeds from his pen is marked with the impress of a mind of no common order.

**The Devotional Family Bible.**—Virtue, 26 John Street.—Part 57 is just issued, and proceeds as far as 4th Proverbs. This part is illustrated by a delightful view of "Gibeah, from Michmah." We can only repeat our warmest praise of this edition of the Holy Scriptures.

**Life of Gen. Taylor.**—Grigg, Elliott & Co., Philadelphia.—This work is by J. Reese Fry, and from the interest attached to everything about Gen. Taylor, we presume a large edition of this issue will be sold. It is interspersed with wood engravings, but we must say we should have liked the book all the better without them, for they look to us more like caricatures than illustrations. It is for sale by Burgess & Stringer, Broadway.

**Oregon Missions.**—By De Smet.—So far as relates to the author's travels, descriptions of scenery, manners and customs of the various tribes of Indians with which he came in contact, this work is of an exceedingly interesting character. It is handsomely printed, and well illustrated; it is also accompanied by a fine map of Oregon. It is published by E. Dunigan, 151 Fulton Street.

**Blackwood** for October, reprinted by Scott & Co., has been promptly and handsomely issued. This is an average number in regard to interest. The first paper is on the works of Hans Christian Andersen; another article is entitled "Maga in America," which, we understand, was written in this country, and copyrighted, with the intention of throwing difficulties in the way of the Re-publishers—it is a little business, and not worthy of success.

### Cricketers' Chronicle.

SUSSEX (WITH A. MYNN, ESQ.,) v. ALL ENGLAND.

This great and interesting match commenced in Box's Ground on Monday, and, owing to the late hour at which the play began each morning—a practice very much to be condemned—and the lateness of the season, the game was protracted to the unusual length of four days, each day being devoted to a single innings only. It was fully expected that from the lateness of the season and the fatigue the great cricketers had undergone in the north, the *élite* of the All England would not be forthcoming; but on a glance at the list it will be seen that a stronger team could not well have been selected, and England, consequently, was backed at 5 to 4. The morning opened brightly, and more delightful weather for the game could not be desired. The wickets were pitched at eleven, but play did not begin till twelve! Messrs. J. Brown, of Nottingham, and Wells, of Brighton, were the umpires of the veterans; Brown and Morley, of Brighton, scorers. The county players having won the toss, went in first, putting Dean and Hodson at the wickets. Hillyer bowled the first over to Hodson, who scored two from the fourth ball. Diver, who had never played in Brighton before, bowled at the opposite wicket. In the second over of Diver, Dean drove the ball forward in fine style, and scored four; the next ball an off hit for two. Shortly afterwards Hodson was caught by Martingell from Diver. Wisden succeeded Hodson, and, owing to his late success with Sherman, the "pet" of the Sussex eleven, excited no little interest. The play was particularly good on both sides. Dean scored another two, and Wisden followed suit by an off hit. Several blank overs were given. The batsmen were evidently cautious, till at length Wisden caught one of Diver's, and drove it forward with great force for such a little un, and scored five, amidst much applause. A change of bowling was here resorted to, Martingell taking Diver's wicket. The first over was a capital one, but well played by Dean. Some blank ones followed, when Dean made a fine hit for three. Wisden played cautiously, and continued to get singles. After an hour's play Dean got his leg before the wicket, and was given out. His score consisted of one four, one three, two twos, and the remainder singles. Picknell took the vacant place. Wisden's play was the admiration of the spectators, and on making another fine hit to the leg, scoring four, he received a round of applause. Picknell made one or two hits, but Martingell very soon found out his wicket. E. Napper then went in, and Wisden shortly afterwards made another splendid hit, sending the ball to the Sussex Club booth, and scoring four, amidst renewed applause. The next over was a blank, but after this Wisden scored a two. He then gave a chance to the wicket-keeper, which was lost. E. Napper soon lost his wicket; four wickets down, and 56 runs. W. Napper then went in and played admirably. A beautiful over was here delivered by Hillyer, which Wisden played with consummate skill, playing all the balls in the neatest manner in his "nursery." After two more blank overs, Wisden made a forward hit for three [cheers]. In Martingell's next over Wisden followed suit with another three [more applause], and Napper repeated the dose; three threes and two overs. The dinner bell rang, at which time Sussex had obtained 66 runs for the loss of five wickets.

After dinner Hillyer delivered the first over to Napper. The batting and bowling here were very fine. Napper played beautifully, making a two and two fours, Wisden also getting another four. Having played several more balls, he was at length caught out by W. Pilch, after obtaining a sum amounting to 49, obtained by one five, three fours, two threes, six twos, and the rest in singles. Box succeeded him, and scored one at the slip, and in the next over Napper made another pretty leg hit for four. A few maiden overs, and Napper once more sent Martingell to the off for three. In the next over Box hit a ball to the leg into the club marquee, nearly hitting a lady sitting there. Shortly after W. Napper stepped in at one of Hillyer's, missed, lost his wicket, and retired with 29 runs, consisting of three fours, two threes, and two twos. M. Mynn, the "given man," joined Box, obtained four runs, and was disposed of by Hillyer; 115 runs for seven wickets. Hammond came next, and immediately began scoring; Box made a four to the off, but soon after was bowled by Martingell; nine wickets, 130 runs. Challen, sen., from the West, then appeared at the wicket. He is a left-handed player, his style is good, and he is very promising. He began with one to the leg, Hammond a long four, which he repeated [applause].



Challen two singles, when Royston was put on to bowl. Off his first Hammond made an off hit for four, a single off his third. The second ball in the next over from Royston was fatal to Hammond, who had marked 22, including three fours. Gausden was the eleventh, and between him and Challen five were added, when Martingell scattered Gausden's stumps, the new player, Challen, carrying out his bat; 156 runs were thus obtained, which looked well for the Sussex eleven.

At half past five the England eleven commenced with W. Pilch and Hillyer, Mynn and Wisden bowling. Ten runs were got, and at six o'clock the stumps were struck for the day.

**Tuesday.**—This morning the game was resumed at a little before half-past eleven. In the morning the weather was dull and cloudy. Wisden began to W. Pilch, and after a few overs caught him off his own bowling. Martingell succeeded, obtained eight in a fast manner, and was given out leg before wicket. E. Parr (the Nottingham favorite) followed, and with Hillyer remained in a considerable time, and the score had amounted to 53, when Box caught Parr close to the bat. His score of 25 included two leg hits for four each off Wisden, a three, two twos, and singles. His play was much admired, and repeatedly called forth applause. He was missed once by Mynn, when he had made a few runs only. F. Pilch, as usual, came next, but nothing was done for five or six overs; he now hit forward for one, nicely fielded by Picknell, Hillyer a four to off, Pilch a driver for four, and another change in the bowling. Dean went on at Wisden's end, Hodson having previously taken the ball from Mynn. Off Dean's first over Pilch got forward hits for four and two twos [great applause]. A few blank overs, the bowling excellent. Hillyer gave a chance to Mynn, which was declined. Pilch continued making his favorite hits. Box tried hard to retain one of Pilch's, but failed; and in the same over also Mynn missed a catch. The consequence was a four and two off the next balls. Dean now caught Hillyer from his own bowling, after an innings of three hours duration, in which he displayed much scientific play, and numbered 30 runs, including two fours. Guy (the northern hitter, who in August last, in a similar match, for the benefit of the veteran Brown, obtained 55 runs and carried out his bat) succeeded Hillyer, when the dinner bell rang.

At three o'clock Guy and Pilch were again at the wickets, and the sun shone brilliantly. Guy obtained but one, and was dislodged by Dean. Pell joined Pilch, and despite the excellent bowling of Mynn and Dean, the score was rapidly increased. This, we believe, was Pell's first appearance, and both batsmen kept the field alive by very sharp hitting. The fielding was extremely good. Picknell, who is generally successful with Pilch, tried his hand, but without success, runs continually being added. Hodson was tried, and after a few overs lowered Pilch's wicket, amidst much applause. Pilch was at the wicket for more than three hours, during which time he obtained three fours, a three, and three twos; 130 runs, six wickets. Dorrington came in, and Pell was caught by Dean off Hodson, after a long innings, and he had got 23 runs; 135 runs, seven wickets. Royston went in and quickly retired without scoring, being bowled by Hodson. Diver joined Dorrington, and the players continued in up till six o'clock, when the stumps were drawn for the day, the score standing at 166, with two wickets to go down. Both players proved themselves what they certainly are, good batsmen. A hit for five, and one for four by Diver, were much applauded. Between them they obtained above 20 runs.

**Wednesday.**—This morning play commenced at eleven. Dorrington and Diver added to their scores, and nearly 180 runs were obtained before they parted, the former being run out and the latter bowled by Wisden, Sewell carrying out his bat for 6 runs, making the total 185, a majority of 29 over the Sussex innings. Diver's score showed a five, a four, a three, four twos, and singles, obtained by very excellent play.

At twelve o'clock Sussex again went in, the new players, Gausden and Challen, taking the wickets. Both played well, Gausden got singles, and was again bowled by Martingell. Challen made 12 by two threes, a two, and singles, and was caught by Diver from a very hard hit. E. Napper and Dean followed. Dean made a short stay, and was bowled by Martingell for 4 runs. A Mynn came next, and with Napper put a new feature on the game, and runs were fast obtained, till at length the given man got his leg before wicket and retired with a score of 18, got in eight hits by fine play. Wisden brought in his bat, and was warmly greeted by the spectators, who were led to expect a repetition of his fine play on the previous day. He led off with a three, a two, and two singles, and was caught by that active field, W. Pilch. Five wickets and not 50 runs got. Box joined Napper, and commenced with five singles, then two fours in succession [great applause]. Napper a four, and both batsmen continued increasing the score. Box soon after lost his partner, who was caught by Martingell off Hillyer; his score amounted to 26, consisting of a four, two threes, and two twos. W. Napper succeeded his brother. At his third ball, the last of the over, he was easily caught by Martingell. Hammond went in and got two fours, Box keeping up his wicket, and when about 90 runs were obtained, Parr received the ball from Hammond. J. Hodson succeeded, and was soon given out leg before wicket. George Picknell came last, ran two singles, four were got by an overthrow, and W. Pilch finished the innings by catching Picknell. Sussex having obtained 136, left All England to go in on 107. The stumps were now a quarter to six, drawn for the night. Throughout the day the weather was very fine, and in the afternoon the sun shone brilliantly. There were a great number of persons present.

**Thursday.**—This morning the game was resumed soon after eleven. W. Pilch and Dorrington went in first, and were bowled to by Mynn and Wisden. Each got a few runs, and were caught by Gausden and Hodson. Guy made a better stand, and obtained 13, including three twos, when he was bowled by Mynn. Martingell shared the same fate, without scoring; four wickets and not 50 runs. Bets were now offered that they did not get the runs, but few took them. F. Pilch came next, had marked 6, including a fine hit for 4, when he was unfortunately run out. Pell did nothing, and received his dismissal from Mynn. The game had now quite a different aspect, and the play excited great interest; and when Parr came in and began batting in his usual style, every run was applauded. Two fours gained by him in almost as many balls, made England's backers a little more confident. Sewell kept company with Parr a short time, and was caught by the bowler, Wisden. Diver was given out leg before wicket with an 0 to his name. Hillyer took his place, and, with Parr, they made runs fast; the score had increased to 72, when a four was got and much applauded. Parr struck out to the off; two were run, and an attempt for a third by Hillyer, who got from his wicket, and before he could return Hammond had thrown the ball straight as an arrow to Mynn, the bowler, who lowered his stumps. The occurrence put a damper on the game, which, till now, had been an exciting one. Of course no one would now back England. Royston came last; at his second over from Mynn he was given out leg before wicket, and

Wisden pocketed the ball, Sussex, contrary to expectation, winning by 27 runs. Throughout the day Mynn and Wisden continued bowling, and no change was deemed necessary. The fielding, as well as bowling, was good. Parr, who carried out his bat, made 32, consisting of four fours, a three, three twos, and singles. This match, which has thus lasted four days, was the best played on this ground for years past. Each day the ground was attended by a large concourse of spectators. Wisden is now backed, for £50, to play against any man in England at single wicket, before 9th October. Score:—

## SUSSEX.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Hodson, c. Martingell, b. Diver...	4	leg b. w., b. W. Pilch.....	3
Dean, leg b. w., b. Martingell.....	17	b. Martingell.....	4
Wisden, c. W. Pilch, b. Hillyer.....	49	c. W. Pilch, b. Hillyer.....	7
G. Picknell, b. Martingell.....	2	c. W. Pilch, b. Hillyer.....	4
E. Napper, b. Martingell.....	1	c. Martingell, b. Hillyer.....	26
W. Napper, b. Hillyer.....	29	c. Martingell, b. Hillyer.....	0
Box, b. Martingell.....	16	not out.....	32
A. Mynn, b. Hillyer.....	4	leg b. w., b. W. Pilch.....	18
Hammond, b. Royston.....	22	c. Parr, b. W. Pilch.....	11
Challen, not out.....	4	c. Diver, b. Royston.....	12
Gausden, b. Martingell.....	3	b. Martingell.....	6
Byes.....	1	Byes.....	3
Wide.....	4	Wide ball 9, (no balls 1).....	10
Total.....	156	Total.....	136

## ENGLAND.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
W. Pilch, c. and b. Wisden.....	3	c. Gausden, b. Mynn.....	2
Hillyer, c. and b. Dean.....	30	run out.....	8
Martingell, leg b. w., b. Wisden.....	8	b. Mynn.....	0
G. Parr, c. Box, b. Hodson.....	25	not out.....	32
F. Pilch, b. Hodson.....	39	run out.....	6
Guy, b. Dean.....	1	b. Mynn.....	13
O.C. Pell, Esq., c. Dean, b. Hodson.....	23	b. Mynn.....	1
Dorrington, run out, b. Wisden.....	17	c. Hodson, b. Mynn.....	9
Royston, b. Hodson.....	0	leg b. w., b. Mynn.....	1
Diver, b. Wisden.....	28	leg b. w., b. Wisden.....	0
Sewell, not out.....	6	c. and b. Wisden.....	5
Byes.....	1	Byes.....	2
Wide balls.....	4	Wide ball.....	1
Total.....	185	Total.....	80

## BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

## A VEGETABLE AND UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.

*Ship Fever, Dysentery, etc., etc.*—May not all sickness be a deficiency of some vital principle of the blood? Or, may not certain conditions be necessary to enable the blood to become the recipient of oxygen, so that its discolorizing power shall be sustained in full vigor? It is probably the want of these influences may be the occasion of "Ship Fever," and all fevers of the Typhoid character; and of Cholera Morbus and Dysentery diseases generally. In fact it may be only modifications of these same influences, which occasion all other diseases; showing the great probability of the unity of disease. The people should think of these things.

In "Ship Fever" the pulse ranges from 45 to 55 beats in a minute, and sometimes lower still; in such a state of the circulation, there must be constantly accumulating those particles which are analogous to those found in the dead body. And in all cases where the circulation is impeded, or where from any cause the blood is prevented from throwing off the usual quantity of carbon, we find that a Dysenteric stage supervenes, the bowels in these cases endeavoring to do the work of the lungs. Instead of astrinents, nature should be assisted in endeavours to cleanse the system, and the blood, of these retained impurities. And unless this course is followed, there is no other condition for the body but death. It is in circumstances like these, that the "Brandreth Pills" are so important; because of their vitalizing qualities; because of their purifying powers; because, while they cleanse the system, they impart life; because they go at once to the seat of the disease and produce just the kind of action the body wants to strengthen and to save.

It may not be unwise to go into an inquiry respecting the originating causes of these contagious maladies. During the putrefaction of animal and vegetable bodies, certain substances are generated which act as deadly poisons to man; especially to the Caucasian, or white-skinned family of mankind. The exhalation or vapors from swamps, from grave-yards, and from all putrefactive material, and from large congregations of living beings confined in a small space for a considerable period, are known to hold in solution *sulphuretted hydrogen*. This gas is so deadly in its nature that one part only to five hundred parts of atmospheric air, is destructive, to a white man. And herein is, perhaps, the reason of the great mortality to the white-skinned race on the shores of Africa. The time may not be distant, however, when an antidote may be used in the shape of Brandreth's Pills, and an outward application to the skin, which shall render the absorption less, nearer to what it is in the negro, which shall make those shores no more fatal than our own prairies to the pioneer of the West. Three or four hundred men are congregated in the hold of a ship, where thirty or forty only ought to be. The first effect is a want of vitality in the air; the second effect and a consequence of the first is, that exhalations arise from these now diseased human beings, which is charged with, say one part of sulphuretted hydrogen gas in two thousand parts of atmospheric air. The third result is a consequence of the two first; it is low fever, in those whose vital powers are weakest, and the causes continuing, the fever puts on a more decided typhoid character, until the peculiar symptoms seen in Camp, in Gaol and Ship Fevers, are fully established.

To prevent this disease on board ship, there must be less people congregated together; and greater care must be had to ensure cleanliness and thorough ventilation. Chloride of lime should be provided by the ship owners, which should be sprinkled about the hold daily.

**Particular Symptoms of Ship Fever.**—Lowness of spirits, foreboding of some calamity; pain in the small of the back; pain in the head; vertigo, and occasional vomiting; heavy pain on the right side extending upward to the nipple; the skin hot and dry; belly bound; stools, if any, dark color; tongue furred, sometimes mahogany colored; teeth covered with sordes; great thirst; pulse from 40 to 55. These symptoms are the same as in Typhus Fever, except that the pulse in the latter is sometimes as high as 120 beats a minute in the first stage.

**The Cure.**—So soon as any of the above symptoms show themselves, immediately take four or six of Brandreth's Pills; they must be taken every few hours until they purge freely, and afterwards once or twice a day till the stools are of a natural color and odour, and the tongue clean. The pulse will be raised by this course and the strength improved. The same directions are applicable to dysentery, whether alone or a consequence of Ship Fever. In all dysenteric cases, or where the bowels are much affected, let gum water be drunk often. In this complaint, and in Ship Fever, and in all diseases in which Brandreth's Pills are used as the medicine, drink bouquet, balm, camnip, or sage tea. These may be drunk cold or hot. Cold all ways when preferred. Toast and water is also very good. It is important, however, that some of the above teas be drunk.

In cholera morbus and dysentery, or cholice, when there is great pain of the bowels, take two or three pills every few minutes with peppermint water, mint tea, or even brandy, until an operation is evidently procured from the pills; afterward the pain will soon moderate. And



in a few hours, so great a change for the better will have taken place, as to be the occasion of great cause of thankfulness. The pills should be taken afterward every night for a few nights, or three or four going to bed, until health is fully restored.

**A Prevention for all Contagious Diseases** is found in Brandreth's Pills. For this purpose they should be used in doses sufficient to purge freely once or twice a week. They cleanse that out of the system on which the very miners of the contagion fix itself. The bowels and blood are thus kept pure; Brandreth's Pills are truly the safety valve of Disease.

**Free of Charge.**—"Vegetable Purgation," a pamphlet of 18 pages, is given to all who will call for it, free of charge, at Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, New York, where the Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions. Also, at 274 Bowery, 241 Hudson St., N. Y.; Mrs. Booth, 5 Market Street, Brooklyn; 45 Atlantic Street, South Brooklyn; James Wilson, Jersey City; J. S. Kenyon, Harlem; E. Wisner, corner Broad and Commerce Streets, Newark; J. F. Randolph, New Brunswick, N. J.

N. B. There is no surer way to get Brandreth's Pills unless you purchase only of the duly authorized Agents.

Be careful of counterfeit Pills. All persons should be careful to purchase at Dr. Brandreth's office, or of the regular appointed agents. They would thus ensure themselves the genuine article, otherwise they may get a counterfeit, as a new one has recently been offered in this city. [Aug. 21]

#### PALMO'S OPERA HOUSE.

**D. R. COLLYER'S** Personifications of Painting and Scripture, by the **MODEL ARTISTES**, will open at Palmo's Opera House on Monday evening, Nov. 8, for the Benefit of the Washington Monument Association, when will be illustrated the *choicest works* of the Great Masters in the FINE ARTS.

Personifications every night during the week. For particulars see descriptive programme each evening.

Prices of admission—Lower Boxes and Parquet 50 cents; Lady and Gentleman 75 cents. Upper Boxes 25 cents. Seats may be secured at the Box-office from 10 A. M. till 4 P. M. Doors open at half past 6. Personifications commence at half past 7 o'clock. [n. 6]

#### DEMPSTER'S FIFTH ORIGINAL BALLAD SOIREE,

##### AT THE TABERNACLE.

**M. R. DEMPSTER'S** Fifth and Last Original Ballad Soiree will be given at the Tabernacle on THURSDAY Evening, Nov. 11th, on which occasion he will sing his favorite songs—"The Indian's Complaint"—"Oh! why does the White Man follow my Path?"—"When the Night Wind Belloweth"—"John Anderson, my Jo"—"Lonesome and Wife"—"A Home in the Heart"—"Lament of the Irish Emigrant"—"Saw Ye my awe Thing?"—"The Dying Child and the Angel of Death"—"The Death of Warren"—"Blind Boy"—"Emerald Isle"—"I'm Alone, all Alone"—"Tak yer auld Cloak about Ye," and his popular Cantata, "The May Queen," in three parts.

Admission 50 cents. Doors open at half past 6—to commence at half past 7 o'clock.

Tickets to be had at the Music Stores, of Mr. Dempster, New York Hotel, and at the door in the evening.

Mr. Dempster will sing same programme as above at the Brooklyn Lyceum, on Monday evening, Nov. 8th. [Nov. 6.]

#### JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

MANUFACTURER'S WAREHOUSE, 91 JOHN ST., CORNER OF GOLD.  
**HENRY OWEN, AGENT.**

**A LARGE** and complete assortment of these well-known Pens constantly on hand, together with Porcupine Holders, Silver and German-Silver Mounts, Rose-wood, &c. Cheap Pens in boxes, for sale to the Trade. [Nov. 6.]

#### DAGUERREOTYPES.

**BURGESS' DAGUERRIAN GALLERY**, No. 181 BROADWAY,  
(UP STAIRS)

Over the Jewelry Store of Ball, Tompkins & Black, N. Y.

Nov. 6-31.]

#### TO PRIVATE FAMILIES, NOT KEEPING HOUSE.

**LADIES** and Gentlemen are respectfully informed that the premises No. 137 Hudson St., opposite St. John's Park, have recently been much enlarged and improved, and are well adapted for the convenience and comfort of married parties who do not choose to keep house, and to ladies or gentlemen who prefer a private abode to a hotel or an indiscriminate boarding-house. An unremitted desire is manifested to render the situation a home to the inmates, who can, at their pleasure, either be generally in their own spacious apartments, or mingle together in the well-arranged public sitting rooms, in which there is constantly going on the tasteful amusements of the time and fashion, and in the event of any party wishing to be retired, there is a good assortment of books in the house, and every person can, in a reasonable degree, have their wishes complied with. A key of entrance to the Park walks is at the pleasure of the boarders, and the nearness to omnibus and hacking coach renders the place still more advantageous to those who wish to go either up or down town.

Good references are to be exchanged, as it is very desirable to keep the establishment quite select. [n. 9.]

#### THE MANUAL OF CRICKET.

COMPRISING the Laws of the Game, some account of its history, and of the progressive improvements made therein, Directions and Instructions in the Practice and Play of the manly and athletic Exercise, and suggestions as to Variations and Applications of it, so as to afford satisfactory recreation to small numbers of players. The whole being intended as a complete Cricketer's Guide. With numerous Illustrations, Embellishments, and diagrams by Alex. D. Paterson.

By way of appendix to this work, there will be added the body and everything important of "Felix on the Bat."

N. B.—Booksellers will be supplied on reasonable terms, by applying to Berford & Co. Astor House, Broadway.

#### WEST'S PATENT RANGES.

**THE** Subscriber having made extensive improvements in his Ranges during the last year now offers them to the public as the most complete in the market. Each Range having six holes for pots, &c., and two ovens, which cannot be surpassed by any brick oven in use, in fact, they are partly composed of brick; in front roasting can be carried on in the best manner. The back of the range is fitted up with a water-back for heating water for baths, washing, &c., &c., and upon the whole, it is the most complete arrangement ever got up for cooking.

Copper Boilers made under the subscribers personal superintendence, and finished with great care, will be warranted to be superior to boilers usually sold for such purposes.

Utensils of all kinds, for all patterns of ranges, constantly on hand, or made to order.

Jy 10<sup>th</sup>.]

WM. WEST, 133 Hudson St., New York.

**SWIMMING BATH, DESBROSSES ST.; CROTON BATH, ASTOR HOUSE; SWIMMING BATH, BATTERY.**

The above Baths are now open. Warm water is a healthful stimulant; it at once makes clean and strong, and those who use it will recognise its excellent influence in freedom from physical weakness and mental depression. Physicians are unanimous in commending it as alike purifying and health-promoting; and differing from their usual custom, as regards large doses, not only prescribe these Warm and Cold Baths for their patients, but actually take them themselves. July 17.

#### LAP-WELDED BOILER FLUES.

16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1-2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER.

Can be obtained only of the Patentee. THOS. PROSSER, 28 Platt Street, N. Y.

April.

#### PIANOFORTE, SINGING, ETC.

**A LADY** eminently qualified, is desirous of teaching a few more pupils on the PIANO FORTE and in SINGING; also the GUITAR. Pupils taught at their own or her residence. Terms moderate. For particulars, apply at No. 147 Chambers Street. [August 14]

#### LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

##### LEFT-OFF WARDROBE AND FURNITURE WANTED.

THE highest price can be obtained by Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to dispose of their left-off wardrobe and furniture. By sending a line to the subscriber's residence, through the Post Office, it will be promptly attended to.

J. LEVENSTYN, 466 Broadway, up-stairs.

Ladies can be attended to by Mrs. J. Levenstyn.

Jy 4-ly.

#### J. CONRAD,

##### FIRST PREMIUM BOOT MAKER.

No. 56 Market Street and No. 5 Ann Street,

June 19<sup>th</sup>-ly.]

New York.

#### FLOWERS, BOQUETS, &c.

**WILLIAM LAIRD**, Florist, corner of Broadway and 28th street, N. Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. **BOQUETS** of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N. B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order Gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places, by applying to Wm. Laird. Ap. 20-47.

#### PHRENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS,

##### FLOWER & WELLS,

131 Nassau-st. N. Y.

May

#### PRESERVE YOUR HAIR

**WHILE** you have it, it is too late after it has fallen off—(the advertisement of Emperie's to the contrary notwithstanding.) The Medical Faculty recommend Camm's Spanish Lustral Hair Preservative as the best article yet known for that purpose. A. B. & D. Sands are the agents in New York.

N. B.—None genuine without the name of T. W. CAMM blown in the bottle.

[Jy 10-ly<sup>th</sup>.

**MAXIMILIAN RADER**, 46 Chatham Street, N.Y., Dealer in imported Havans and Principe Segars in all their variety. **LEAF TOBACCO** for SEGAR Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco constantly on hand. July 7-ly.

#### LAMPS, GIRANDOLES, HALL LANTERNS AND CHANDELIERS.

##### DEITZ, BROTHER & CO.

WASHINGTON STORES, No. 139 WILLIAM-ST.

**ARE MANUFACTURING AND HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND**, a full assortment of articles in their line, of the following descriptions, which they will sell at wholesale or retail prices, for cash:—

Solar Lamps—Gilt, Bronze and Silvered, in great variety.  
Suspended Solars, do. do.  
Bracket Solars, do. do.  
Solar Chandeliers, do. do., 2, 3 and 4 lights.  
Suspended Camphene Lamps; Brackets do do  
Side, do. do.  
Camphene Chandeliers—2, 3, and 4 lights.  
Girandoles—Gilt, Silvered and Bronzed, various patterns.  
Hall Lanterns—Various sizes, with cut or stained glass.

May 1

#### BOGLE'S HYPERION FLUID,

FOR PROMOTING THE GROWTH AND EMBELLISHING THE HAIR, STANDS unrivalled; and is now the only article used by those who value a good head of hair. It is alike efficacious in exterminating scurf and dandruff; and the beautifying lustre it gives to the hair, ensures its success at the toilet of every lady of fashion. For further particulars see pamphlets, containing certificates from some of the most eminent physicians, &c., to be had of his agents throughout the United States and Canada, among which are the following:—

AGENTS.—E. Mason, Portland; W. R. Preston, Portsmouth; Carleton & Co., and J. C. Ayer, Lowell; B. K. Bliss, Springfield; D. Scott, Jr. & Co., Worcester; J. R. & C. Thornton, and Dr. Cadwell, New Bedford; R. J. Taylor, Newport, Mass.; A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton St., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. Y.; E. Trevett & Son, Poughkeepsie; G. Dexter, Albany; Dr. Hiemstreet, Troy; T. Hunt, Auburn; Wm. Pitkin, Rochester; G. H. Fish, Saratoga; Tolman & Williams, Syracuse; L. Kelley, Geneva; E. S. Barnum & Son, Utica; Wm. Coleman, Buffalo; Seth G. Hance, Druggist, and William H. A. Myers, Hair Dresser, Baltimore, Md.; J. W. Kneeland & Co., 127 Canal St., New Orleans, La; and other places.

[G- A treatise on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Hair, with directions for preserving the same, &c., accompanies each bottle of "the Hyperion."

WILLIAM BOGLE.

First Premium Ventilating and Gossamer Wig Maker, No. 238 Washington St., Boston.

Jy 10-ly<sup>th</sup>.]

#### AMBROSIAL TOOTH PASTE.

FOR cleaning the Teeth and Gums, and communicating an agreeable odor to the Breath, this Ambrosial Paste, compound of orris and other fragrant ingredients, has been acknowledged far superior to any other dentifrice. Being compounded of astringent materials, it hardens the gums and makes them adhere more firmly to the teeth, thereby assisting materially in preserving the latter from premature decay. The Paste also combines anti-purulent and detergent properties in an eminent degree, and its frequent use is a sure means of keeping the breath and mouth in a sweet and healthy condition.

Prepared and sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Chemist and Druggist, 273 Broadway, in the Granite Building, corner of Chamber street. [Sept. 18-3m<sup>th</sup>]

#### ROMAN EYE BALSAM.

**THERE** are few bodily ailments more distressing in their nature than inflammation of the eyes, accompanied or succeeded by defective vision. Anything which can remove these evils must therefore be regarded as a boon, of which the value is not to be estimated in dollars and cents. The ROMAN EYE BALSAM, prepared by HENRY JOHNSON, is such a boon. Its merits have been tested by long experience, as thousands have derived unspeakable benefit from its application. Many patients, after suffering from inflammation for years, have been completely cured by using this delightful salve. The redness and watery humor have gradually disappeared from their eyelids, and they have ultimately been enabled to read with pleasure the smallest print by candle light. Price 25 cents a jar, with ample directions for use.

Prepared and sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Chemist, 273 Broadway, cor. Chamber-st. [Sept. 18-3m<sup>th</sup>]

#### CLOVE ANODYNE TOOTH-ACHE DROPS.

**A** GREABLE to the taste and smell—never injuring the teeth, gums, or palate in any way,—but making no compromise with that "awful scourge o'hus an gums," the Tooth-ache—this extraordinary anodyne has the strongest claims to public notice. Although it has already been beneficial in thousands of instances, yet the proprietor is confident that thousands more are constantly suffering from ignorance of the great remedy. Let all good men, therefore, spread the joyful intelligence that the celebrated CLOVE ANODYNE DROPS cure the Tooth-ache, when carefully applied in one minute!

Prepared by HENRY JOHNSON, Chemist, 273 Broadway, in the granite building, cor. Chamber street; sold also by all respectable druggists in the United States. Price 25 cents.

See that you be not cheated by unprincipled dealers with some worthless compound of their own make. Examine the wrappers on the vial, and buy such as have the signature of HENRY JOHNSON. [Sept. 18-3m<sup>th</sup>]

#### EXTRACTS FOR FLAVORING

**BLANC MANGE**, Jellies, Creams, Custards, Charlotte Russe, Puddings, Syrups, Sauces, &c., &c. Highly concentrated Extract of Vanilla, Lemon, Peach, Rose, Citron, Bitter Almond, and Orange. Also Rose Water, Peach and Orange Flower Waters for flavoring all kinds of Confections. Cooks and Confectioners have universally preferred these Extracts on account of their great strength and flavor.

\* A teaspoonful is sufficient to flavor a quart. Put up in vials at 25 cents each. Prepared by HENRY JOHNSON, Chemist, 273 Broadway, (west side,) in the Granite Building. [Sept. 18-3m<sup>th</sup>]

#### GENUINE BEAR'S OIL.

**IT** is well known that the brain is "the seat of thought, feeling, and consciousness," to use the expression of an eminent physiologist; and it is also an ascertained fact that extraordinary activity of the cranial organs affects very seriously the external covering which nature designed for them—that graceful ornament, the hair. Very close attention to business, or to any particular subject, therefore is frequently the cause of capillary weakness, and ultimately of baldness. In such cases the GENUINE BEAR'S OIL is of value beyond all price; and yet the large bottles cost only 25 cents. Spurious imitations of this oil are generally of the worst tendency, being mostly composed of Sweet Oil, or some of the other vegetable oils; which, by their nature, unnatural to the growth of an animal substance so delicate as the hair, clogs the pores without fertilizing the roots, and leave the hair after their application more harsh and dry than it was before. See, therefore, that you obtain **GENUINE BEAR'S OIL**, which you may always be assured of by purchasing only such as is perfumed and prepared for the toilet by HENRY JOHNSON, (successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) Chemist and Druggist, 273 Broadway, in the Granite Building, cor. Chamber st.

[G- Every bottle of the genuine has the name of HENRY JOHNSON on the seal or label. [Sept. 18-3m<sup>th</sup>]



GEORGE CONRAD,  
FIRST PREMIUM BOOT MAKER,  
No. 27 Merchants' Exchange, Hanover street,  
Sept. 18] NEW YORK.

#### AMERICAN AND FRENCH SHIRT DEPOT.

THE AMERICAN AND FRENCH SHIRT DEPOT, 142 NASSAU STREET, where SHIRTS of every style are made to order, and which, for elegance of fit and neatness of workmanship, cannot be excelled. And we are determined to merit the approbation of the public, by giving them a superior article at a reasonable price. A large assortment of ready made Shirts, Collars, and Bosoms always on hand.

MRS. C. CLARKE, Manager.

#### SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, VIZ:

*Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obsolete Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blisters, Bites, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Acetia or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.*

THE value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It is approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is not local in its operation, but general, extending through the whole system. It neutralizes the poisonous elements in the blood, and restores a healthy tone to the organs which generate that fluid.

It is put up in a highly concentrated form for convenience and portability, and when diluted according to the directions, each bottle will make six times the quantity, equal to one quart, and is then superior in medicinal value to the various preparations bearing the name.

New York, April 26, 1847.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen.—Having long been afflicted with general debility, weakness, loss of appetite, &c., and receiving no benefit from the various remedies prescribed, I concluded about three months since to make use of your Sarsaparilla. I now have the pleasure of informing you that its effects have been attended with the happiest results in restoring my health, and am induced to add my testimony to the many others you already possess of its merits, and to those desiring further information, I will personally give the particulars of my case, and the effects of this invaluable medicine, by calling at 286 Bowery, New York.

Yours respectfully,  
JANET MCINTOSH.

This is to certify that Miss Janet McIntosh is known to me as a member of the Church, in good standing, and worthy of confidence.

Pastor of 2d Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn.

Still further proof of its value and efficacy in a severe case of Rheumatism. The following was handed to our Agent at Kingston:

Kingston, Canada West, June 16, 1846.

I hereby certify that I have been afflicted with Rheumatism of the most painful kind for nearly four years. When severely attacked I suffered the most intense pain, sometimes commencing at my stomach and then quickly changing to my head, back, and other parts of my body. I have had most of my teeth drawn, because of the torture experienced from the pain which settled in them. I could not sleep at night, and obtained but little sleep during the day. I applied to various physicians, but received no benefit, and was given up by them as incurable. At last, when every thing else had failed, I was shown an advertisement for a medicine called Sands' Sarsaparilla, which I thought would suit my case. I immediately procured a bottle, and to my unspeakable joy it produced almost instant relief. I continued to use it, and have now taken six bottles, which has effected almost a perfect cure. I would most earnestly recommend all who suffer from a like affliction to use this valuable medicine.

SARAH ANN ECCLES.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, corner of William, New York.

Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; Chas. Brent, Kingston; S. F. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Bickle, Hamilton; Elliott and Thornton, Dundas; and by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle. Six bottles for \$5.

THE public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands' Sarsaparilla that has been and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject; therefore ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

#### ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, DICTIONARIES, ETC.,

FOR SALE BY E. BALDWIN.

1. The Encyclopædia Britannica. Edited by Prof. Napier. Seventh Edition. 21 vols. 4to., half Russia.
2. The Encyclopædia Americana. Edited by Francis Keiber. A New Edition. 14 vols., bound in sheep.
3. The Penny Cyclopædia, and Supplement of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. 16 vols., half bound in Russia.
4. The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Now publishing in London in Monthly Parts. Parts 1 to 5 already published.
5. The Cyclopædia of English Literature. Edited by Wm. and Robert Chambers. 2 vols. 8vo., cloth.
6. The Farmers' Library, and Cyclopædia of Rural Affairs. Edited by Charles Knight. Illustrated with Colored Engravings. Parts 1 to 4 published; to be continued monthly.
7. Dictionary of Dates and Universal Reference, relating to all ages and nations from the Earliest Account to the Present Time. Third Edition; to which is added a copious index of Leading Names. By Joseph Haydn.
8. A General Dictionary of Painters, containing Memoirs of the Lives and Works of the most Eminent Professors of the Art of Painting. By Matthew Pilkington. A New Edition, revised and corrected, by Allan Cunningham.
9. Illustrations of British History, Biography, and Manners, during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, and James I. By Edward Lodge. 3 vols. 8vo., cloth.

For sale, (Wholesale and Retail.)  
BY EDMUND BALDWIN, 155 BROADWAY, cor. of Warren St.  
July 17-18.]

#### THE PLUMBE NATIONAL DAGUERRIAN GALLERY.

251 BROADWAY, UPPER COR. MURRAY ST.

Instituted in 1840.

TWO PATENTS GRANTED UNDER GREAT SEAL OF THE U. S. AWARDED THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS. FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS, and TWO HIGHEST HONORS, at the NATIONAL, the MASSACHUSETTS, the NEW YORK, and the PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITIONS, respectively, for the MOST SPLENDID COLOURED DAGUERREOTYPES, AND BEST APPARATUS. Portraits taken in any weather in exquisite style. Apparatus and Stock, wholesale and retail. Instruction given in the Art.

Jy. 25-18.]

#### TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION, AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE OFFICE.

PASSAGE FROM, AND DRAFTS TO, ALL PARTS OF ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. Persons wishing to send for their friends, in any part of the Old Country, will find the subscriber's arrangements for 1847, most complete, and calculated in every way to ensure satisfaction to all who may make arrangements with them to bring their friends across the Atlantic. The subscribers are agents for

THE NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.  
QUEEN OF THE WEST - 1300 tons. ROSCIUS - 1300 tons.  
LIVERPOOL - " " SIDDONS - " "  
HOTTINGUER - " " SHERIDAN - " "  
ROCHESTER - " " GARRICK - " "

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Feb. 27.]

#### LONDON LINE OF PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st, 8th, 16th and 24th of every Month.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from NEW YORK on the 1st, 8th, 16th and 24th of every month, from LONDON on the 6th, 13th, 21st and 28th, and PORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 8th, 16th and 24th of every month throughout the year, viz.:-

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	May 8, Sept. 8, Jan. 8	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1
St. James,	Isaiah Pratt,	16, 16, 16	8, 8, 8
Toronto,	A. T. Fletcher,	24, 24, 24	16, 16, 16
Switzerland,	Dan. Lee Stark,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	24, 24, 24
Mediator,	J. H. Williams,	8, 8, 8	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Quebec,	E. E. Morgan,	16, 16, 16	8, 8, 8
Victoria,	W. K. Bradish,	24, 24, 24	16, 16, 16
Independence,	G. Moore,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	24, 24, 24
Hendrick Hudson,	C. Chadwick,	8, 8, 8	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Wellington,	E. G. Tinker,	16, 16, 16	8, 8, 8
Margaret Evans,	F. R. Meyer,	24, 24, 24	16, 16, 16
Prince Albert,	J. M. Chadwick,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	24, 24, 24
American Eagle,	Dan. Chadwick,	8, 8, 8	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Sir Robert Peel,	H. R. Hovey,	16, 16, 16	8, 8, 8
Westminster,	R. L. Bunting,	24, 24, 24	16, 16, 16
Gladiator.		Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	24, 24, 24

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$75 outward for each adult, without Wines and Liquors. Neither the Captains nor Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to

JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

My 24-18.]

GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N. York.

BARING, BROTHERS & Co., in London.

#### NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO SAIL from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:-

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
SHERIDAN,	F. A. Depeyster,	Sept. 26th	Nov. 11
GARRICK,	B. I. H. Trank,	Oct. 26	Dec. 11
ROSCIOUS,	Asa Eldridge,	Nov. 26	Jan. 11
SIDDONS,	E. B. Cobb,	Dec. 26	Feb. 11

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the City of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage apply to

E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South Street, N.Y., or to

BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

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Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of the Liverpool Packets, viz.:- the ROSCIUS, SIDDONS, SHERIDAN and GARRICK. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them.

My 24-18.]

#### NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:-

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Waterloo,	W. H. Allen,	Mar. 11, July 11, Nov. 11	Apr. 26, Aug. 26, Dec. 26
John R. Skiddy,	James C. Luce,	Apr. 11, Aug. 11, Dec. 11	May 26, Sept. 26, Jan. 26
Stephen Whitely,	C. W. Popham,	May 11, Sept. 11, Jan. 11	June 26, Oct. 26, Feb. 26
Virginian,	F. P. Allen,	June 11, Oct. 11, Feb. 11	July 26, Nov. 26, Mar. 26

These ships are of the first class, their accommodations being unsurpassed for room, elegance, and convenience. The reputation of their Commanders is well known, and every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of Passengers and the interests of Importers.

The Captains or Owners will not be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages, sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South Street.

#### NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 6th and from LIVERPOOL on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the Ship will be despatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Hittleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6	Apr. 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	Apr. 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to

CHAPEMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

#### OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE OLD LINE OF PACKETS for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched in following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz.:-

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Veston,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
Cambridge,	A. W. Barstow,	16, 16, 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	16, 16, 16
Fidelia, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	16, 16, 16
New York,	J. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	16, 16, 16
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the day of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of Wines and Liquors, which will be furnished by the Stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or Owners of these Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 44 South-st., or

C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y., or

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